

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 6,

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



Bliss and Blister.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent.
—Fletcher.

Were it not for night we would never
see the glistening stars above us.

Gratitude is a virtue that has com-
monly profit annexed to it.—Epictetus.

Each good thought or action moves the
dark world nearer to the sun.—Whittier.

Where love is there is no labor; and if
there be labor, that labor is love.—Austin.

How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves.
—Tennison.

Nothing can strengthen our hearts like
knowing that God has promised to be
our strength.

The man who thinks the world owes
him a living finds it hard now-a-days to
collect the debt.

No nation can rest on a solid founda-
tion that has not for its corner-stone the
law of the Lord.

It takes the dark background to bring
out in richest tints the exquisite pen-
cillings of the artist.

It is a great deal easier for some people
to pray for the preacher than to do their
part towards his support.

Nothing is impossible. There are ways
which lead to everything, and if we
had sufficient will we should always have
sufficient means.—Rochefoucauld.

The example of others should have
weight with us only so far as it
corresponds with the Word of God.

We do not shake off our yesterdays,
and maintain no farther relation to
them; they follow us; they constitute
our life, and they give accent, and force,
and meaning to our present deeds.

No man can tell whether he is rich or
poor by turning to his ledger. It is the
heart that makes a man rich. He is rich
or poor according to what he is, not
according to what he has.—Beecher.

There is no land where man can not
dwell, no land where he cannot uplift
his eyes to heaven; wherever we are,
the distance of the Divine from the
human remains the same.—Seneca.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quar-
rel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in
steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is cor-
rupted."

Every kind word spoken to one who is
trouble-laden and bowed down under
the burden of sorrow, will add another
sweetly murmuring ripple to that mus-
ically flowing stream of joyousness in
which our own life is floating.

CORRECT COMBINATION.

Remarkable Success of the Salvation
Army Life Assurance, London, Eng.

"Assurance" is the name of a crisp
monthly booklet issued by the Life
Assurance Department, in connection
with our International Headquarters,
and from the information given in those
pages, we gather that the business of
the Department is an exceeding pros-
perous one. Important officers of the
Department are now engaged in an ac-
tive campaign to increase the business
still more, and have already held many
successful meetings in which they blend
business and religion in a happy com-
bination, as will be seen from the fol-
lowing extract from a report of a great
demonstration conducted by Brigadier
Marshall, at Nelson:

"People say we ought not to mix our-
selves up with business. If it had not
been for the business side of our Sal-
vation Army, it would not have been
able to have done anything like the good
it has done, and should not have been
attracted to the Army, said the Manager.
Our soldiers wear uniform, and what
should hinder us from making uniform,
and providing for them the best that
can be had, seeing the profits help to save

AS to embodying sacrifice in our creed, or making it an
essential part of our everyday life, the gospel of sacri-
fice is fast being supplanted by the gospel of self-indulgence;
the gospel of action by the gospel of sentiment; the gospel
of the Cross by the gospel of the Crown.

ness, which was the primary cause of
the Assurance, which has now made such
rapid advance. The people believe in
our Assurance Society, in spite of the
many untruthful statements that have
been made. We have a premium at the
end of the fourth year larger than the
largest society had in this country in
twelve years. We have £1,100 per week
income in Premiums, and we have paid
4,200 claims; so you see we do pay claims.
We have a staff of over 1,000, and they
are mostly Salvationists and Christian
men and women, total abstainers and
non-smokers. These are a great mission-
ary power in themselves; they go
amongst the people and speak salvation
as they go. Many cases of conversion
and backsliders reclaimed can be told
in which they have been the instruments,
in God's hands, in pointing them to
Calvary. The Brigadier spoke of the
necessity for preparation both for this
world and the next, and we closed with
much prejudice removed, and two souls
seeking salvation."

The above report will be better under-
stood and appreciated if we read the
following three incidents, illustrating the
manner in which the business of the
Assurance Department is conducted:

Within Six Hours.

3, Brunnington Road,
Asylum Road, Peckham, S.E.,
30th August, 1898.

To the Manager, Salvation Army Life
Assurance Society:

Dear Sir,—I wish to thank you for the
prompt way in which you paid the claim
on the death of my child. I received the
money within six hours from the time
when I handed your Superintendent (Mr.
Kendal) the certificate and papers.
(Signed) T. W. M. nby.

Witness: Mrs. Kendall.

Not Entitled, but

66, Lisson Grove, S. John's Wood,
14th Sept., 1898.

To the Manager, Salvation Army Life
Assurance Society:

Dear Sir,—I am indeed grateful for
the prompt payment of £1 10s., paid by
your Society on the death of my child,
A. E. Doyle, although I was not entitled
to any benefit, as my child was only
insured twelve weeks, but your Assur-
ance-Superintendent paid me the full
amount, which I fully appreciate, and I
shall be only too pleased to recommend
the Society to all my friends in return
for your straightforwardness to me.

I remain, yours sincerely,

(Signed) Fanny Doyle.
Witness: F. A. Easty.

Betrayal and Suicide.

Under the above heading, the following
appeared in the Daily Mail, of Septem-
ber 21st:

A pathetic case of suicide was inquired
into yesterday at Church, near Accring-
ton, the deceased being a young girl
named Eliza Haycock, nineteen, who had
killed herself by taking poison.

She had formerly been in service at
Birkenhead, where she became intimate
with a man who was apparently in a
good position, and who evidently led
her astray. She was sent to a home at
Liverpool, but lately she again met her
betrayal.

A very touching letter was left by the
deceased, who wrote: "I pray God may
be more merciful in judging some people
than they are in judging me." She

warned young people of the pitfall into
which she had fallen, and concluded:
"Tell Mr. ——— not to ruin other girls'
lives as he has ruined mine."

A verdict of "Suicide while of unsound
mind" was returned.

The next day we received from the
father of above this letter of thanks for
prompt settlement of Assurance claim:

472, Manchester Road,
Baxenden, near Accrington,
22nd Sept., 1898.

Dear Sirs,—I beg to thank you for the
prompt manner in which you have settled
my claim with respect to the sad death
of my daughter. Wishing you every
success in your work,

I remain,

Yours obediently,
(Signed) John Ellis Lalcock.

Witness: Edna Jane Brown.

Humorous incidents are not lacking,
as will be seen by the following clipping,
which we serve as a dessert to our read-
ers:

Transparent.

A dignified candidate for an Agency
fills up his application form:—Occupation,
"Glass Polisher."

On the assistant's backing the same
gentleman is described as a "Window
Cleaner."

We hope this distinction is clear.

Sanctity of the Sabbath.

"To the Editor of the L.—
"Dear Sir,—It is an unwritten law that
the quiet of the public streets in all
decently regulated towns and cities,
should be maintained during the hours
of seven and eight in the evenings of
Sundays. Why then should P—— be
the exception and allow the Salvation
Army to parade the streets during
those hours, much to the annoyance of
the members of at least one congrega-
tion. The banging of a hideous instru-
ment—so-called a drum—while an earnest
preacher is imparting instruction to his
flock, is, to put it mildly—trying. Our
worthy Mayor is known to be very
strong feeling as to the sanctity of the
Sabbath—wouldn't it be well if he would
direct his attention to those brawlers
and disturbers of the sanctity of public
worship, so that the congregations can
worship in peace. Yours truly,
A. C."

The above cutting is from an Eastern
newspaper, and shows us that the poor
(in common sense) we have always
with us. These people think they appear
wise when they can have a letter printed
in a newspaper and call other folks
names, such as brawlers, disturbers,
etc. With regards to such cheap pro-
fanity we feel like the magnanimous
king, who, when he was told that there
was a most insulting letter posted in a
public place, calling him most contempti-
ble names, said, "Hang the letter lower,
so that the people can read it better."

The "worthy" Mayor, in this case, we
believe, has not only a very strong feel-
ing on the sanctity of the Sabbath, but
also on the sanctity of good sense, and
knows what is bad sense even when it is
printed.

"God will not call you to account for
the four or five talents you have not re-
ceived, but He will ask a strict account
for that one which He has entrusted to
you, and which is your special grace."

A Favorite Hymn of the General.

Wherever the General gives out
a song in a meeting he makes
running comments on the thoughts
suggested by the stanzas of the
hymn, and in that manner arouses
his congregations to more hearty and
intelligent singing. One of his favorite
hymns is the well-known—

"Jesus, the Name high over all."

A reporter took down for the War
Cry a few of the General's comments,
which will be of interest to our read-
ers.

"Jesus, the Name to sinners dear"—or
it OUGHT to be.

"He scatters all my guilty fear"—where
He is allowed to do so! When I have
made a full confession of my sins!

"Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks"—
He breaks the force of bad habits. Peo-
ple are what their habits make them.
Habits become their master. The ap-
petite, the lust for drink, becomes a
man's MASTER! I remember a man
who said, "I have signed the pledge
twenty-three times, and twenty-three
times have I broken it. There is no hope
for me—none at all! So strong is the
power of it over me that though I knew
it meant instant damnation, I must have
the drink, even at that price!" But we
led him to Jesus, and that man is serv-
ing God in the Salvation Army to-day,
in the Old Country. Every man who is
not Jesus Christ's freeman, is MAS-
TERED by something or other.

But "Power into lifeless souls He
speaks"—So true! Jesus can put strength
into you. He can make you strong
enough to lick the devil. He has licked
you, hitherto, has the devil! The great
Carlyle, whose writings are known and
delighted in throughout the world—Car-
lyle, telling us about his conversion, says,
"I was converted at such and such a
place, at such and such a time; it was
there that I TOOK THE DEVIL BY
THE NOSE!" Some of you smile, but
I suppose the devil had him by the nose
up to that time, and it may be he has
you by the nose still! He has led you
on by it in a path you hate, made you
do things you displease. He has led you
about—mind he does not lead you into
hell! But I must go back one line.

"Bruises Satan's head!" Glory! I
like that. My old enemy! As the old
negro said, "I like to jump on de
debbl, and hear him bones crack!" The
Lord tells us that He will bruise Satan's
head; the simple-hearted negro was not
far from the truth.

"Oh, that the world might taste and
see the riches of His grace!" You don't
know what you are missing. You don't
know what you are despising, or you
would come and have a taste. When
mother takes Tommy out to dinner,
sometimes, and they have a new kind
of pie, Tommy says he does not wish
any. Oh, Tommy, you don't know how
nice it is. Have a little taste. She puts
a little on Tommy's plate, and then he
wants the whole pie to himself. Tommy
does, when he has had a taste! You
say salvation will be lovely in the Hea-
venly City; it must be good up there,
because so good here.

The General finishes the hymn thus:

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace,
The arms of love that ARE ALL A-
ROUND ME,
Would all mankind embrace."

Appetite Stronger than Fear.

A Roman Catholic, who was greatly
addicted to drink, and whose reformation
was earnestly sought by the priest, was
informed by his reverence that if he ever
gave way again to the seducing influences
of the intoxicating cup, the priest would
use his authority over him to turn him
into a rat. The Irishman was terribly
frightened at this awful threat, and for
a time he was able to abstain. One day,
however, while with a companion, he felt
that he was gradually sinking before
the strong temptation to drink whiskey,
which was within his reach. He there-
fore addressed his chum in somewhat the
following language:

"Rory, I feel I must drink. I can't
do without it, but the priest will curse
me for it. I will be turned into a rat.
Now I want you, when you see me
face beginnin' to dwindle down to a
rat's face, and me ears to turn to rat's
ears, and a big whisker or two to start
out from me face like the rats have, and

SACRIFICE is the language of love. Those who do not
sacrifice are like men living on the top of gold mines,
or sailing across beds of pearl oysters, unconscious of the
riches that are within their very reach. It is no sacrifice
to give a cup of cold water when a cup of something better

Two Kinds of Fools.

(To our frontispiece.)

"I tell you, I know how to make hay while the sun shines! Look at that fool neighbor of mine; there is every indication that it will rain to-morrow, and that he will never be able to get his hay dried, because he started too late. Serves him right if it all rots in the field; he had no business to go and fool his time away with old sick Abner, who would not have been sick if he had taken my advice. But that neighbor of mine wants to show himself off as the only fellow that cares for everybody, as if I did not send the old man a great deal more food than he ever did."

So spoke Ittal, the rich farmer. He was rich—not that he was particularly hard working, for he had inherited a fine farm from his father, but having learned to look after number one, and being naturally shrewd, he succeeded well in increasing his wealth.

Iram, his neighbor, was poor, but had a very sympathetic heart. When anyone was suffering he would go to give him a word of cheer, to the poor he would bring a share of his scant living, with tenderness and without offence; the widowed he would visit to brighten their loneliness, and the sick he would nurse, often at considerable sacrifice and inconvenience.

Ittal, of course, gave his almshouse, a great many times more than poor Iram could give, but Ittal took good care to let everybody know how much he gave, and let those whom he benefitted feel that they were receiving charity.

Iram had found an old man, Abner, sick in his hut a few days ago—thrown down with fever. He was unsparing in caring for him. Iram's hay had been cut and wanted turning, but he could not leave the old man in his fever; so he had sent word to Ittal to loan him one of his servants to perform the work, but had received the answer, that Ittal's crop was too large that he would require all his servants to bring it under shelter. What should Iram do?

His Heart Decided Quickly

to risk his hay, but not Abner's life and comfort.

That's why Ittal called Iram a fool. Ittal sat on the porch of his fine residence and watched the overladen waggons bringing in the sweet-smelling, well-cured hay, and his heart said to him: "Well done, Ittal, you are a thorough farmer, and you know how to do thin a well."

His eye was fastening upon so much display of prosperity and comfort around him.

"I think I shall go to town to-morrow, to see the architect and get him to make me plans of how to enlarge his barns. I want an up-to-date affair, with cranes and derricks and all labor-saving devices, recently invented. It will be a good investment and leave me a large income to enjoy life and all its comfort."

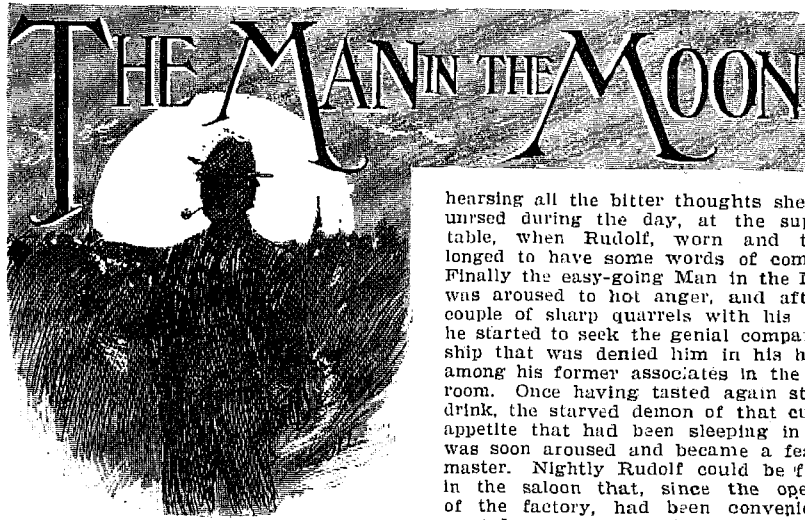
And he planned, how great and dazzling a display of wealth he would make next month, when he was going to give his daughter in marriage to a wealthy citizen's son. Such a feast it would be!

There was an All-seeing Eye looking on Ittal and Iram at the time. God saw Iram and the angels put a long row of figures to his credit—though poor in earthly goods, he was called rich in heaven, and his banking account swelled every day. God did say the "well done" to him, but not to Ittal, who was wise in his own conceit only.

Ittal was revelling in the thought of how his riches would afford him greater ease and allow him more costly indulgences, when God spoke to him. This is what God said:

"THOU FOOL, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall these things be, which thou hast provided?"

SO IS HE THAT LAYETH UP



IV.

See the brazen hosts of all
Art and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Dark! from ruin's ghastly road,
Victims groan beneath their load,
Forward! Oh, ye sons of God,
And dare or die for Jesus.

"Say, boss, what is that rascal doing there?" a farmer asked of the hotel-keeper as he watched a ragged, thin, dirty man turning over the empty beer-barrels, that were put outside upon the stoop ready for the brewer's teamster to fetch them away—and twisting his body in the endeavor to bring the

hearsing all the bitter thoughts she had unsured during the day, at the supper-table, when Rudolf, worn and tired, longed to have some words of comfort. Finally the easy-going Man in the Moon was aroused to hot anger, and after a couple of sharp quarrels with his wife, he started to seek the genial companionship that was denied him in his home, among his former associates in the bar-room. Once having tasted again strong drink, the starved demon of that cursed appetite that had been sleeping in him was soon aroused and became a fearful master. Nightly Rudolf could be found in the saloon that, since the opening of the factory, had been conveniently started near by, for the spider always spreads his web where he can catch, the most flies.

The bar-tender was a "jolly good fellow," and Rudolf was just the "boy" for him, for he could tell a joke that would make the crowd split their sides with laughing, or he could sing a song that entertained and detained the customers, so there was no difficulty in getting credit if his cash ran out.

What a magical charm the liquor has. A few glasses made Rudolf forget his trouble, made life worth living to him.

Too late, Minnie saw her mistake. It was too late then, to mend. The breach seemed irreparable, and her tears proved of no avail.



THE MAN IN THE MOON COLLECTING HIS TAXES.

bunghole into such a position that he could drain the barrel of the few drops of sour beer that remained in it when it was taken off the tap.

"Oh, that is the Man in the Moon collecting his taxes; he does that every day, for he cannot beg enough money to keep him in drink. He is the lowest bum in town!"

Alas, it was Rudolf. He had made a desperate effort to begin life anew, after he was turned out of the "Moon," and had been fortunate enough to secure a good position in a new factory that had just been established in the growing town, the latter having indulged in a boom, since the railway had come that way.

Rudolf had once more been full of plans as to the future and in comparative good spirits had taken his misfortune. Not so his wife, who did not like the idea to have to exchange the splendid private and comfortable rooms at the "Moon," and move into a small cottage; it was a fearful humiliation to Minnie. Frequently she would have some bitter and cutting things to say about the change, until Rudolf began to find them irritating. It must be said in favor of the man that he truly worked hard and was anxious to "get ahead," as the saying is, but his wife was so blind to his effort, or else her own sense of disgrace was so keen, that she seldom had a word of cheer or a caress for him; and not only

After coming repeatedly to his work in an intoxicated condition Rudolf had been discharged from the factory. Two or three other positions did he hold in various establishments—each subsequent employment was more menial than the previous one—and then he had become such a habitual drunkard, that nobody would give him work to do. In fact, he was quite incapable to perform any kind of labor. So Rudolf, the bright, promising young fellow of ten years ago, had become a stupid, lazy drunkard—he had fallen below the lowest rung of the social ladder—draining empty beer-barrels in the streets to satisfy the burning craving within his flesh and bones.

His wife's spirit was broken; her three children formed her only consolation, otherwise she would have given way when tempted to put an end to her existence. Now she earned a scant living by going out doing washing and scrubbing. She had quickly aged; wrinkles and white hairs multiplied fast under the heavy cross that had become her share.

At a recent revival service she had sought and found salvation, and the poor woman, for the first time since her marriage, had a taste of happiness. Having personally proved the power of Divine grace, she was anxious that her husband should be converted, and her constant prayer was to that end.

not enter. Rudolf really was seldom sober now. As soon as he rose in the morning he would start on his aimless journey through the town like a piece of driftwood, carried hither and thither with the whirling eddies of the current of evil, landing here and there, when there was a chance to be treated, in a saloon, but only in the lowest, for the more "respectable" saloons would not tolerate him on their premises.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Salvation Army opened fire on D—. It was shortly after that, that the conversation between the parish priest and the Captain of the S. A. took place, as related in the first chapter of this tale.

(To be continued.)

REPROOF.

"And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Eph. v. 11.

It is not the easiest thing to administer reproof rightly and timely, but it is desirable that wrong should be reproofed wherever it is met.

The following incident will show the value of discreet reproof. The Rev. C. H. Mead was travelling in the Southern States when some undesirable company came into the car. We cannot do better than give the account in his own words.

"Two men at last came and took the seat in front of me. Shortly after one of them took a bottle from his pocket, pulled the cork, and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink, and the smell of liquor filled the car. Then the first one took a drink, and back and forth the bottle passed, until at last it was empty and they were full. Then one of them commenced swearing, and such profanity I never heard in my life. Women shrank back, while the heads of men were uplifted to see where the stream of profanity came from. I went on for some time, until I reflected, and then said, 'By the help of my Master, I will let them know that if they belong to the devil, I belong to the Lord Jesus.'"

So straightening up and taking a good breath, I began singing in a voice that could be heard by all in the car:

"There is a Fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Before I had finished the first verse and chorus, the passengers had crowded down around me, and the blasphemer had turned round and looked at me with a face resembling a thunder-cloud. As I finished the chorus, he said:

"What are you doing?"

"I am singing," I replied.

"Well," said he, "any fool can understand that."

"I am glad you understand it."

"What are you singing?"

"I am singing the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Well, you quit."

"Quit what?"

"Quit singing your religion on the cars."

"I guess not," I replied, "I don't belong to the Quit family; my name is Mead. For the last half hour you have been standing by your master; now for the next half hour I am going to stand up for my Master."

"Who is my master?"

"The devil is your master—while Jesus Christ is mine. I am as proud of my Master as you are of yours. Now I am going to have my turn, if the passenger doesn't object."

Voices cried out: "Sing on, stranger. We like that."

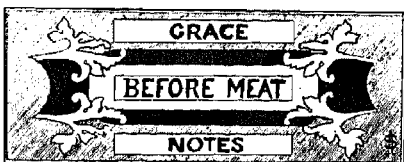
I sang on, and as the next verse was finished, the blasphemer turned his face away, and I saw nothing of him after that but the back of his head, and that was the handsomest part of him. He left the train soon after, and I am glad to say I have never seen him since. Song after song followed, and I soon had other voices to help me. When the song service ended, an old man came to me, put out his hand, and said:

"Sir, I owe you thanks for rebuking that swearer and a confession."

"Don't thank me for that, but give thanks to my Master. I try to stand up for Him wherever I am. What about the confession?"

"I am in my eighty-third year. I have been a preacher of the Gospel for over sixty years. When I heard the man swearing so I wanted to rebuke him. I rose from my seat two or three times to do so, but my tongue failed. I have not much longer to live, but never again will I refuse to show my colors anywhere."

An evangelist heard his wife over the



By MRS. MAJOR SMEEETON.



A reply from the challenge of a few weeks ago reads as follows: "Adj. E. Macnamara, of James'own, N. D., accepts Ensign Bailey's challenge to collect the most money in her personal G. B. M. Box this quarter ending Dec., 1898." We would like to hear from other officers on this subject.

There have been many Local Agents during the past quarter, who, owing to the Harvest Festival, maintained their inability to collect in their boxes. Some even hinted that their corps officer would not allow them to do so. Now it is a well-understood regulation that no special effort, or in fact any circumstances, are to hinder the Local Agents from making his (or her) collections. The Self-Denial will be coming on during the present quarter, but if the Locals do not attend promptly and regularly to their boxes, they will find the box-holders losing interest, and thinking the Agent has done the same, the result is a very poor collection. Now, this ought not to be. Should anyone in the future be in doubt concerning this matter your Provincial Agent can give you all information necessary on this point.

Sister Mrs. Anderson, of Watford, Ont., has 40 boxes in a small town of 1600 people, and is a thoroughly reliable and interested G. B. M. worker. God bless this dear faithful Local Agent.

Ensign Perry, of the Eastern Province is highly pleased with a certain collection, as the following extract will prove. "Just think, \$41.50 for a place like Glace Bay! It is a mining town and not very large. Miners must have good hearts. The two Daniels, McLean and McPherson, have the work at heart. I don't know whether in the annals of the G. B. M. history for the East, such a collection was ever made. The two agents each gave \$5, also Bro. Carmichael and Bro. Chas. Cameron donated the same amount." God abundantly reward those big-hearted miners.

Another good collection from the East was made by Miss Ellis and Sister Blatch, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., amounting to \$21. These Sisters are old stand-bys, and their work is so well known by this time that it scarcely needs any commendations from my pen, but we do thank you, comrades.

Clark's Harbor, with Miss Lizzie Colquhoun and Mrs. John Braman in charge, collected \$3. Marysville, a small place with Mrs. S. Osbourne as Local Agent, \$5, and St. Georges, Ber., where Miss Fanny Birch labors, brings in \$6.12. These all deserve special mention.

Another challenge comes from Mother Broadwell, of Kingsville, who has been a Local Agent for some time now, and met with most encouraging success. MOTHER CHALLENGES ANY LOCAL AGENT IN THE TERRITORY to beat her in her own personal box-collection for this quarter ending Dec., 1898.

Now Locals, who will accept the challenge of the dear old lady who last quarter collected \$14.60. Let me hear from you at once.

A few names worthy of mention in the W. O. P. are: Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock; Mrs. Box, Seaforth; Mrs. Anderson, Seaforth; Mr. Downer, Petrolia; Miss M. Loyde, Windsor; Mrs. P. Peake, Stratford; Mrs. Henderson, Ingersoll; Mrs. Smith, Goderich; Mrs. Johnstone, Hespeler; Miss Pearson, Norwich; Mrs. Egerton, Galt; Mrs. Beacroft, Brantford; Bro. Goddard, Ayr; Sister West, Paris; Bro. W. Scott, Guelph.

From Ensign Sims' domain the following places have done excellently: Barre, Vt., \$15; Montreal I., \$10.77; St. Albans Vt., \$8; Coaticook, \$3.92; Pem-

boro, \$5.70; Sunbury, \$3.10; Quebec, \$16.08; Montreal II., \$6.62.

The C. O. P. have a few braves and their number is being added to greatly. We shall see! Budsville, \$6.85; Midland, \$3.35; Kayonosa, \$4; Sudbury, \$4.82; Orillia, \$4.32; Barrie, \$4.56; St. Catharines, \$4.50; Hamilton, \$5.15; Lindsay, \$4.30; Headquarters, \$16.29; Toronto Rescue Home, \$4.80; Yorkville, \$3.10; Men's Shelter, \$3.20.

Space prevents us from mentioning many worthy collections, seemingly small amounts, yet collected under many hard circumstances. To all these we would tender our warmest thanks, and pray God to bless even those obscure workers in difficult corners. The "Inasmuch" is yours, comrades.

Cry readers will notice the maiden tour of Ensign Staigers, of the Pacific Province. So this long-delayed P. A. has really been able to commence his work. We are really delighted at this. Now, Locals of his Province, stand faithfully by his side and help him on to victory.

CALGARY.—Special week-end. Conviction stamped on many faces. At night one weary backslider found his way out to the front. We all welcome to our corps Sergt. McCloud, from Edmonton, who will be with us for the winter.

EMERSON, Man. — Last Thursday night we had a very nice box social at Joliette, surprised by our J. S. S.-M., Dan Shanan, and he deserves great credit for the way he has been working among the children in this place. He has bought an organ and paid for the same. Our meetings here have been a success from the beginning. At Gladstone we had a Graphophone Service, well attended and very much appreciated. Collections good. Last Friday night at Ridgeville we had what they call a bun fight. I saw the buns but not the fight, anyway everybody had a good feed for their body, and in the farewell meeting, food for the soul was meted out.—W. G. Halsten, Lieut., Capt. Pitch, C. O.

Central Chips.

ST. CATHARINES.

We have just spent a very profitable week end at the above corps. Ensign Fox, the commanding officer, had spared no pains to work up interest and enthusiasm on behalf of the meeting. So that when Mrs. Gaskin and myself, with Eva, arrived on Saturday night it was to find everyone concerned in a state of expectancy.

Saturday night had been announced as a "Musical Flar-up," and a magnificent crowd gathered.

Sunday was a fine day. The sun shone in splendor and seemed to give us an extra smile as we made our way to Nedro, at the same time endeavoring to compensate us a little by his warm rays, for the somewhat chilly morning air.

The holiness meeting was a splendid time. God was manifestly present, and at the close three came forward to the Mercy Seat, two for holiness and one poor backslider for salvation.

The afternoon open-air was delicious. A splendid crowd of men gathered round and listened with eager interest. The march was the biggest for months, and the inside congregation nearly filled the barracks. The meeting was one of exceptional power.

A magnificent crowd assembled at night and although many were deeply convicted, as with bowed heads tears fell down their cheeks, two raised their hands for prayer.

Monday night after an illuminated procession, one hundred and eighty people listened with interest to a splendid address. The income for the week-end was \$17.

It would be interesting to say that nearly 300 extra Crys have been sold the last three weeks, and this corps has increased its order permanently 25 per week. They have some 100 regular customers. A. G.

Stopping to speak of Jesus to a ragged boy in the street may make him a star in the coronet of Jesus.

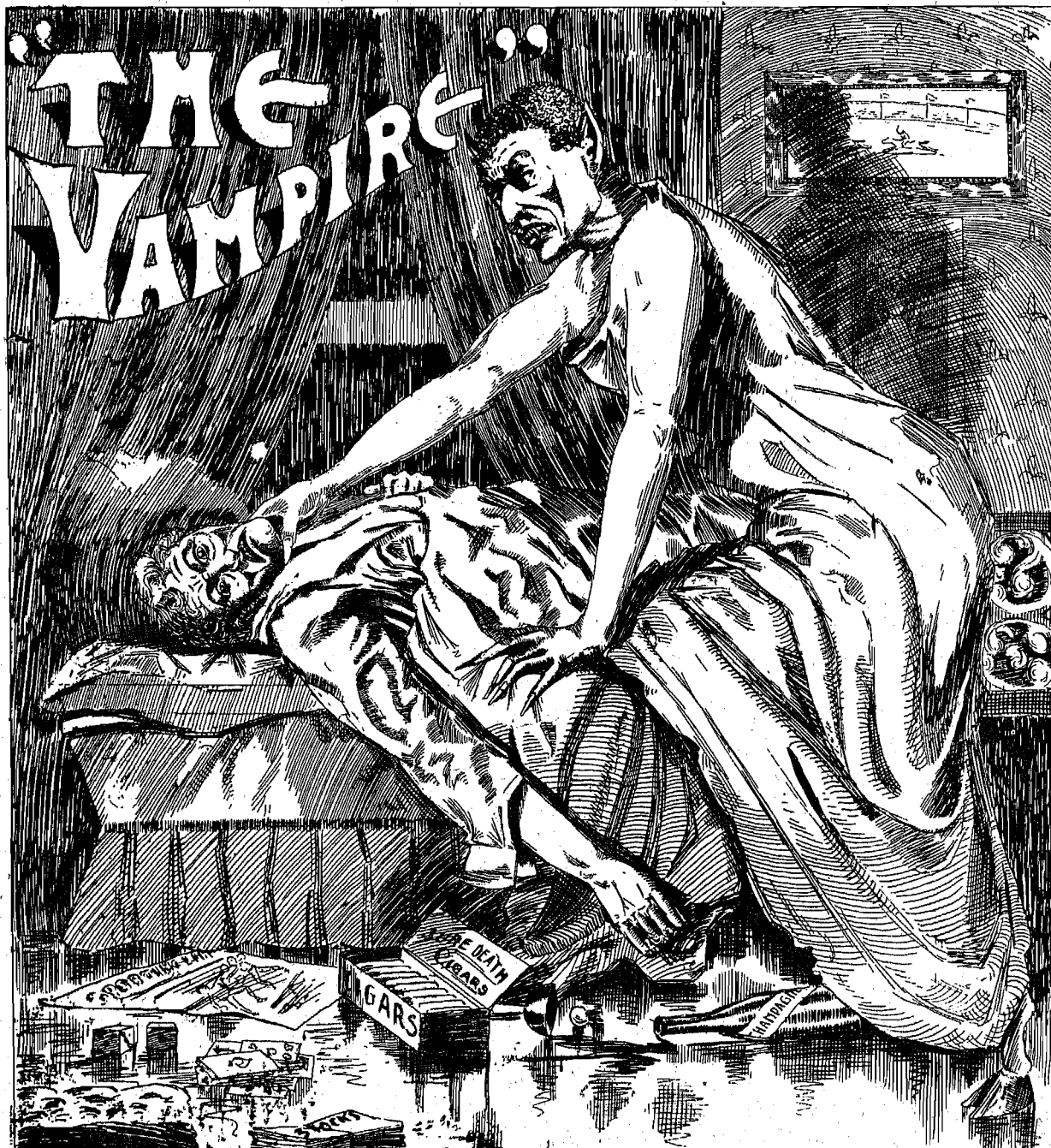
Armour Bearer Heard From.

In a personal letter to Mrs. Read, Mr. Van Allen writes as follows:—

"A word about myself. One year ago the second of last May, my dear wife fell, suddenly, asleep in Jesus. Not one of my three dear boys was home, nor were they near enough to summon them home to their mother's funeral. As soon as the Major, Fred, heard of his mother's death, he wrote to me to come and live with him, but I was not prepared to leave, and I got a situation in Chatham, and remained there until about the first of April last, when Fred again wrote me to come, and on the 21st of April I left Windsor, and arrived here on the 5th of May, just one year to the day on which Mrs. Van Allen was buried; and here I am in a foreign country with no one to talk to except Fred and his wife, a clerk in the office down stairs, and a Staff-Captain, a German lady who edits the French and German War Cry. All German or French soldiers, only two that I know of who speak English. There is a fine corps here numbering upwards of 300. Most of them are women. They look splendid on a Sunday afternoon or evening on the platform, all in Hall-lujah bannets, and the men in red jerseys. They have used me beautifully in the meetings and outside. I only attend on Sundays, afternoon and evening, and they always give me such a welcome volley when I take the platform. I generally attend on Tuesday evenings, as they usually have the Staff-Captain to lead, and she interprets anything I say in the way of testimony. So you see, my dear sister, I am a stranger in a strange land. Even Fred's four little children talk French, but I am teaching them to understand me pretty well. Please do not forget me in your prayers."

Mr. Van Allen will be remembered by Cry readers as an old and faithful correspondent, Armour Bearer. He is now with his son in Basle, Switzerland, Major Fred Van Allen, and his wife, nee Capt. Mary Langtry, who were two of Canada's earliest officers.

It is encouraging to hear of the old comrades being still true to the old Flag in distant battlefields.



JOSHUA.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.



"God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. The death of Moses must have been a great blow to the Israelites, and we could easily understand that the loss to them must have seemed irreparable. They had lost more than a leader, they had lost among many other attributes, a father. He had been priest, law-giver, magistrate, leader, parent and all that his wonderful genius and beautiful character and love could make him. What a wrench, then, must it have seemed to them? How bleak and hopeless must their position have appeared in that dark hour. But God knows where to find the man He requires for a critical work, and how significant are the facts of history that he seldom sought out the learned, or the noble, or the mighty. In that hour when it seemed that Israel had crowded the true God out of their minds, and national worship, and when it seemed that He had no longer a place in their affections, where shall He go, and whom can He bring

To Save the Nation,

and press His own claims. He goes over the Gilead hills, and finds in the wilds, away back, a man of fire, and that fire fanned by Divine love. He brings him out, and down into the plains below. He gives him his commission which commands him to confront the highest personality in the nation—the king. And Elijah—unlettered, unkempt—and perhaps uncouth—was made the salvation of the nation, and the cause of God.

So, in that critical hour when Moses died, God knew where to find His man. His eyes looked upon the hosts of Israel, and rested upon one in whom He saw that character which could be depended upon for the accomplishment of the great task of landing His people into the enjoyment of the land He had reserved for them. Hence Joshua was CALLED to be the

New Leader of the Nation.

He had a difficult task before him. Whether considered from the standpoint of able leadership in preventing strife and difficulties among his own people, or considered in the light of the great and powerful enemies he had to overcome, he had a tremendous undertaking. It called for certain conditions and qualities some of which we will notice.

DIVINE APPOINTMENT.—The main source of Joshua's strength was in the consciousness of being appointed by God to this responsible post. This gave him confidence, and God placed at his disposal EVERYTHING NECESSARY for the accomplishment of the great mission entrusted to him. Aye, even the great solar system was allowed to be subject to his mandate—"Sun, stand thou still," etc.

STRONG, COURAGEOUS.—No namby-pamby weakling has any right to assume the responsible and solemn task of the leadership of God's people, while

God Fits Those He Calls

for the task allotted, it is more in the way of sanctifying characteristics already possessed—and the exercise of them—than by any special qualifications outside of the individual. Courage, and decision of character has often to be cultivated and developed. So with Joshua—he was to continue in the exercise of those splendid faculties which he possessed to so wonderful an extent, and God would sanctify the exercise of them. Thus it is in the exercise of our best and noblest faculties, and God's power at the back of them, that brings about that harmony which

Terrorises Devils,

and is more than a match for the Canaanites of Joshua's time, or the spiritual Canaanites of the year of grace 1897.

The qualifications and conditions re-

cognized, what is the result? The promise, "Every foot of land that the sole of your foot shall tread upon . . ." is fulfilled. The enemies of the nation are conquered and subdued. God's presence was with them as He had promised to be "whithersoever thou goest." So it is with all who go forth in the strength of God. Every moral victory, every spiritual triumph in which one foot of ground is secured,

Gives Us Vantage Ground,

and the next battle is half won. So in the experience of every soldier of Jesus Christ—it is ours to be ever gaining—every day reaching its own triumphs—until we find all our spiritual enemies are conquered, and the land of milk and honey is reached, and all its foes driven out.

JOSHUA, AS A MODEL S. A. OFFICER.—He realized the greatness and importance of his mission, and believed God was able to help him accomplish it. He did not quibble about what a few "chronic kickers" might think of his measures—though doubtless they seemed pretty drastic to many.

He knew the value of unswerving obedience.

He demanded perfect discipline. He knew no compromise—although he had regard for strategy and diplomacy. (Lots of good people in our day regard the latter quality as being "very naughty.")

He was faithful to the letter,

And to the End.

His dying words were a beautiful charge to "CLEAVE unto the Lord your God."

Our officers and soldiers—as well as soldiers of Jesus Christ everywhere—will find a very inspiring study in the life and character of Joshua—one of the greatest heroes the world has ever known.

Make sure you possess and develop the qualifications, and God will do the rest—in giving you a Canaan of perfect peace here, and a victor's triumph and reward in the world to come.

periodicals. At present he is editor of "The Victory." He has served on the Army journals in New Zealand, South Australia, N. S. W., and Victoria, where he is at present.

STAFF-CAPT. MATTHEWS.

After fifteen years as a Salvationist, Staff-Captain Matthews, better known as "Hepsibah," who is quite an "Army Bunyan," finds himself a member of the Headquarters Editorial Staff, Melbourne, Victoria. At present he is spending the bulk of his time writing up the lives of Bible characters, and from his description of them, one can see he is a man who knows his God, and who knows other men. The Staff-Captain has held different positions as an officer and filled them all with credit to himself and blessing to others.

ADJT. GRINLING.

Adj. and Mrs. Grinling, formerly Editors of the New Zealand Cry, have done eleven and twelve years service respectively in the Salvation Army, and are now to be found at the Australasian Editorial Department. They are both well suited for literary work. Though Mrs. Grinling, not being physically strong, is unable to devote all her time to it, her contributions under the nom-de-plume of "Phlax Stigue," are numerous and excellent. Her husband is now sub-Editor of the War Cry, and is helping to make the paper what it ought to be. His forte is reporting meetings, at which he may be said to be an adept.

ADJT. BLASKETT.

The Adjutant is an Englishman by birth and a Salvationist by education; that is to say, he has spent the best years of his life in the Army, having graduated from a "printer's devil" to his present position, where he has a good opportunity of developing his talents for stenography, type-writing and correspondence. He is well known by his writings as "Milk and Honey," and

THE AUSTRALASIAN EDITORIAL STAFF.



Staff-Capt. Matthews. Staff-Capt. James. Adj. Blaskett.
Mrs. Grinling. Adj. Grinling. Major Etherington. Bus. Rowell.

The Australasian Editorial Staff.

Described by Florrie Storrie.

MAJOR ETHERINGTON.

"Multum in Parvo" might perhaps be the shortest words expressive of Major Etherington, for while he does not often go in for quantity, he aims at quality. The Major is a great worker and gathers in some good honey for his paper hive. Naturally active and enthusiastic, he is doubly so in the interests of the Kingdom. During the last fifteen years, he has spent his time and used his talents in the Salvation Army, in one position and another. He has risen to be Editor-in-Chief of the Australasian Editorial Department, having under his hands the Australasian and New Zealand Cry—circulation 80,000 per week; the Young Soldier, circulation 10,000 per week, and the "Victory," a 3d. monthly, 14,000 circulation.

STAFF-CAPT. JAMES.

Staff-Capt. James is essentially a writer and editor, having spent most of his life, both before and since conversion, in an Editorial office. Not very robust physically, he is yet a great worker, and acts, thinks and writes to some purpose in the interests of the Salvation Army

is busy training up his children to follow his footsteps.

ENSIGN ROWELL.

As Editor of the Young Soldier, with its present circulation of 10,000 per week, Ensign Rowell, "M. L. R.," has evidently found her right place. In her hands the paper is rising, and is fast becoming the leader of the children's war and work. Most of her family are Salvationists, a brother and sister both being in the work.

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Backslidden.

By ADJT. BARR.

"The joy of our heart is ceased." Lam. v. 15.

Poor Israel! What a change! The sound of victory's voice is hushed, the shout of triumph is died away, the eye that used to flash and sparkle with hope and courage, has now a far-away, dreamy, melancholy look. The step has lost its elasticity, and hope seems to have been banished forever. "Dancing has been turned into mourning," liberty into bondage, and the aged Prophet, from the depths of an almost broken heart, breathes the sad, sad truth, which voices the feelings of Israel at large, "The joy of our heart is ceased." What a crowd of joyless lives, broken hearts, and tired, weary souls. The sun that had shone on their pathway so many years seemed to have set, and the hand of oppression, as a mighty unpenetrable cloud enveloped them. All was dark, and dreary, and deathlike. Only the past—the glorious Heaven-blessed past—seemed to have any brightness in it, but then it could not be recalled. It had come and gone, and with it, alas! had gone their joy. Egypt's submerged host, Jericho's ruined heaps, enemies subdued, and cities conquered made beautiful history, but glory departed, power gone, and liberty forfeited, makes a poor sequel from which to gather joy and happiness. To the backslider, to-day's milestone is a poor vantage ground from which to review with pleasure the past. What sadder experience can there be, than that of a joyless heart. But why this change? How did it all come about? Aforetime they were the conquerors, the triumphant host, the specially favored of God. Why this sorrow, this despair, this bondage? The man of God, the Prophet of the Most High, answers the query that is on your lips, when from this burdened heart comes the confession, "Woe unto us, that we have sinned." Ah, his is not ever been so? Right from that sad morning in far off Eden, on through the ages, until this our day. Even as it has been, so it shall ever be, "till the day breaks and the shadows flee away." Is there not around us a mighty, God-forsaken Israel, a crowd of poor, weary, heart-broken souls, whose lives were once lived neath the glorious sunshine of God's favor. Men and women whose hearts throbbed with Calvary's love, and whose lives were as a sunbeam from the Celestial City. Each day brought with it its conquests, and blessings, and victories. The enemy was overcome, conquered, slain. Again and again was the song of victory sung, until at times it seemed as if the heart would break for very joy. They lived in—

"A land of corn, and wine, and oil, Favored with God's peculiar smile,"

but—how changed.

Only the other week I met such an one. In conversation it came out that for seven years he had been a soul-winner, mentioned the names or some devoted souls who to-day are at the battle's front, as amongst those who were saved in his meetings. I tried to take him, in spirit back to the past. His hand grasped mine, his frame quivered, tears welled up into his eyes. "Don't talk about that, I can't stand it. Oh, what a fool I have made of myself." He was gone—gone to drown his sorrow with drink. Poor Charley "The joy of his heart had ceased." Only one of the great army of joyless lives. On, the memory of by-gone days. How they illumine the chambers of the head from which the joy has departed, but illumine them only sufficiently to reveal their dreary, forsaken, condition, and make only the more visible the ravages of the joy-banishing fiend, SIN.

The act of disobedience, the hidden wrong, the proud spirit, the shirked cross, the untrodden pathway—how dire have been the consequences. Poor backslider, how sad is your lot, how dark your sky, how joyless your heart; but listen! The voice of Israel's God resounds down through all these years: "Return." "I will heal your backslidings"—"will love you freely." The hope and liberty, and light and joy, shall be found at the Cross. Return then. Once more put your feet on the Calvary path, face once more, in the strength of God, the enemy of your soul, unsheath again the glittering sword of the Spirit, and God will restore unto you "the joys of His salvation."

The Chinese look upon all suicides with honor, except when the suicide is from trouble caused by gambling. Frequently if a Chinaman insults another the quarrel is followed by the suicide of the insulted man, who thinks he has cast ignominy on his aggressor by taking his own life.

WEEKLY
WATCHWORD: **ZEAL.**

Daily Tonic,

To be Taken Early in the Mornings.

SUNDAY.—Divine zeal gave Jesus. Isa. ix. 1-7.

MONDAY.—Self-forgetting zeal bears the reproach of Christ. Psalm lxxix. 7-8.

TUESDAY.—Holy zeal to destroy evil. John ii. 13-17.

WEDNESDAY.—Warrior zeal to slay the enemies of the Lord. II Kings x. 15-17.

THURSDAY.—Ignorant zeal. Romans x. 1-3.

FRIDAY.—Superstitious zeal. Acts vii. 8; viii. 1-3.

SATURDAY.—Zeal, one of the Divine equipments of service. Isaiah lix. 16-17.

Better to burn with a consuming zeal,
And find the ampler life in duty done,
Than in some cushioned nook no pulse
to feel,
With heart unstirred—a life with no-
thing done.

J. P.

Three Scenes in
David's Life.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

David by name, and David by nature. He was no hero in build, and yet no one who knew him would have questioned but that there was a dash of the heroic in his make-up. His lot in life might be cast on what is called a lower plane, and humble, but the thorough way in which duties were performed lifted each higher and made them all great. The bare, unromantic walls of a brush factory bounded his daily horizon, and his hands were grimy with the constant oiling of his engineering toll. There was not a harder working man than David in all the Meteor Brush Works; he was one of the first to enter and the last to leave; he had less time to gossip than any other on the place; he had less time to linger over the midday meal, and put more individual interest into the fulfilling of his tasks than any other six men on the place put together.

David was a Salvationist; all the factory knew it, but the complaint, "go to work," was never hurled at him. There was one week in the year when the little man took a longer dinner hour than usual, but everyone knew that it was not for rest or recreation, for on these days he stood at the factory gate with a big wooden box, and his own winning smile, waiting for the receipt of his workmates' Self-Denial donations. David's conscientious toll was a mystery to many of his more matter-of-fact companions. They could not see why his inventive mind need puzzle and plan over new schemes for more intricate mechanism than those with which his fingers were daily occupied. Why he would worry over the bringing to perfection of that electric street light, they could not conjecture. This bright light was one of ingenious construction, and when swung at the head of the Army march was destined to prove a valuable attraction, as well as affording a means for the reading of the band journals.

That band! David's whole soul was wrapped up in it. All the musical taste and skill which, in worldier days, had made him the star of many a gay company were concentrated to make it a success. How he toiled and taught, giving infinite pains to the cultivating of each ear, and with as infinite patience he bore with the blunders—the hopeless blunders—of the well-saved, but hopelessly unmelodious endeavors of Bro. Sauanders, whose figure looked fine when surrounded with the circular bass, but who would never, never make a musician.

But what musical proficiency the bandmen attained was after all only a part of the obligation which they owed the bandmaster. Some twenty-eight in the band and most of them his own converts—what had not his spiritual influence done for them? It was commonly spoken throughout the Division that David's band was as distinguished for its praying as by its playing, and all who seen himself attributed the fact chiefly to his

own example. If a solitary bandsman did slip away after the first meeting, when the battle for souls did not specifically demand his instrument, his absence was made the more conspicuous by the indomitable presence of the little bandmaster, who, whether with his earnest leading the singing, or in his earnest voice pouring out earnest prayer, or kneeling amongst the people engaged in comprehensive and effectual personal dealing, never flinched from his devotion to the Sunday night duty. In the open-air David's ever-ready testimony inspiring many more, did away with the wasteful pauses, and tired officers would remark, when some burdens pressed the heaviest, "Well, whatever his size, the bandmaster is a tower of strength." Only the benediction closed David's day, and often after that the lowered lights found him pointing some belated penitent to the Cross, or pleading with some tardy yielder to the claims of God. This undaunted perseverance, although six o'clock next morning must find him at his daily toll!

"Killing himself by inches," was the comment of the non-comprehensive multitude.

"This fire has ruined us. My best inventions—the work of many years—have all gone. The machinery is destroyed, and the workshop is as desolate as the old home. With not one of my lads to help I've no heart to begin again. There is nothing left but the grave."

Thus wrote David's father. Nine years before that father had turned his son out of doors because he refused to break his connection with the Salvation Army. The letter reached David when he was in the midst of considerable engineering prosperity with brighter prospects at the Brush Factory, and at a moment when his dearest hopes and fondest plans for the consolidation and blessing of his beloved band looked near fulfillment. David's father lived a hun-

in the open-air. The way they sang, prayed and spoke made one feel as if a whole contingent of determination and fervor had come into the corps.

David and his wife had soon found work to do. They both were of that character which is ever on the lookout for it. The corps was low—very low—and in every sense a painful contrast to the one they had left. The band—there was worse than none—David's musical ear and sensitive heart had ached together on the first night's march. The soldiers were discouraged. Retreating interest had well nigh left the barracks high and dry. But all these difficulties did but stimulate the courage of the two new soldiers, and they went at it with a will. David's wife visited, prayed with, and encouraged the lasses, while David himself strived to infuse enthusiasm and a feeling of responsibility among the men. With pains-taking energy he endeavored, against gigantic odds, to get together a balanced band—a very much different task to the one which he had previously undertaken. Into the meetings David put as much time and as much spirit as ever. Just how he managed to do it was a mystery.

He found his father's business in a terrible tangle, and it took no small amount of skill and hard work to unravel them. Of the old man's gratitude we will not speak. As he sees his son sacrifice every instant of leisure to bring together the hopes of his lifetime, has he not a hundred times regretted his bitterness of nine years ago and learned to respect the religion which stood the test then and now.

This is a real life-story, and as David is living still, an unfinished one. Of results we cannot yet tell, though some have already dawned. David is still tolling on, spending himself in the little corps and the machinist's shop, putting his whole soul and strength into the

Helps for J. S. Workers.

THE FORERUNNER.

Luke iii. 1-8.

When some great king, queen, governor or like person makes a public entry into a city or town, usually one or more soldiers ride in front, heralding the procession. These are called HERALDS or FORERUNNERS. Oftentimes they blow instruments, so that the people may know that the king or queen is coming. Now, for years after His boyhood days Jesus lived in practical obscurity. Doubtless He assisted His father at the carpenter's bench. Then He must have been a great and practical help to His mother. Much of His time was spent in blessing the souls of His friends at Nazareth. Christ is now 28 years old, and about this time John, the son of Zacharias, was in the wilderness. God spoke to this great and good man.

Verse 3.—It was a strange doctrine that this man was preaching. Crowds of people gathered from the cities, towns and villages to hear him. His clothes were composed of merely sheep skins. Years before this Elias, one of the great Prophets, had declared that such a man would come to "Prepare the way of the Lord." This great Prophet had foretold that every valley should be filled, every mountain and hill be brought low, crooked things should be made straight, and rough ways be made smooth. John was, therefore, the herald of Jesus the Saviour.

Verse 8.—John had appeared on the scene to preach a solemn and straight Gospel. For a long time the people of that day had trusted in their forms, their ceremonies and their works, but the great preacher's words denounced such actions. The day was soon to break when all men were to be redeemed and saved. It was no excuse for them that they had Abraham as their father. There must be a change of heart, life and actions. "Every tree, therefore, which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

NOTE.—The Salvation Army believes in preaching the plain Gospel truth. All men can be saved, all can be made holy, all God's people must work for the souls of others. This is the reason of the Army's success throughout the wide world. Juniors must remember this. Our uniforms, our marches, our holiness meetings, all mean so much. We are preparing the way of the Lord.

Verse 10.—The great preacher had gone to the very root of the matter. He had shown up the meanness of the people, and it is no wonder that they cried out, "What shall we do?" The preacher's advice was to practice self-denial (see verse 11). Then he told the publicans to be careful of their dealings (see verse 13), and not to oppress the poor nor take what was not their own. Even the military soldiers sought advice from John, who bravely told these men "to do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages," (see verse 14). All this seemed strange to the people. It was an entirely new doctrine.

Verse 16.—John understood their thoughts, and declared to them that he was heralding a much mightier man than himself, so mighty, that he was not fit to unloose His shoes. John had baptized thousands with water, but He who was to come would baptize them with the Holy Ghost and with Fire.

NOTE.—In all ages those men and women who have been most successful as soul-savers have had the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Education or learning does not give this. A knowledge of the Bible cannot give it. Only a holy life and faith in God can acquire it. Some of the most unlearned have been deeply spiritual and successful. Salvationists are almost useless in God's work without it.

Then John plainly shows in verse 17 that the wicked (the chaff) shall be punished, but the good (the wheat) will be gathered into the heavenly garner. While Jesus was to be a merciful, kind and loving Saviour, He would also demand justice from all His people.

Verse 18.—Not only do those who are godly preach the truth of the Gospel, but, as John, they do many other things. They live good at home. They carry out their religion at the store, on the street, wherever they may be. They are able to counsel and advise, to cheer and help the down-hearted, to spread light and joy all round them. This is the salvation that John said would be given to the whole world by Jesus.

MEMORY TEXT.

"And all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

APPOINTMENTS

OF

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby Friday, November 4th.

Buffalo, N.Y. Sunday and Monday, November 20th and 21st.

Halifax, N.S. Tuesday, November 29th.

Truro, N.S. Thursday, December 1st.

Montreal Sunday, December 4th.

For Particulars see Announcements in Local Papers.

dred miles away. The letter asked for no return, yet David's brow wrinkled with perplexity as he handed the sheet to his wife, for his own conscience had already suggested one. David's wife was as brave as himself, and ready to carry out the convictions of his heart. It took them a few hours only to count the cost and resolve to pay it.

The wrench from the band—who can describe it. The stalwart twenty-eight cried like children. Down the faces of those over whose blunders and back-lidings he had so often wept and toiled, the tears coursed like rain.

On the surface the call looked so mysterious. He was leaving such a sphere of usefulness and promise, such a centre of influence.

They marched him home after the farewell meeting, some of his boys carrying him shoulder high. The streets were blocked, nine hundred mingled in the march, and people who had never estimated the worth of that Christ-like little soul before now murmured:

"What an unnecessary sacrifice!"

"His Blood—can make the vilest—clean."

The old familiar words had often rang down the small town's principal street, for the Army corps was old established, if not particularly lively. But this time the old song seemed to go with such quickened vigor and abundant swing that people who had long since lost interest in the Salvationists, came to their doors to see what made the difference. The march certainly was larger, but only by two, and neither looked big or strong. The silver cornet of the one, and the sweet voice of the other, might however have somewhat accounted for the increased singing. But one forgot they were only two where they stood

solving of the problems of each. Looking at his face, often flushed with excited endeavor, and his heated interest to attain his heart's desire, there have been some who have deemed it—

"Absurd enthusiasm!"

But are not these three uncomplimentary comments from the world, but in God's eyes a credential of worth well qualifying our little hero to the name by which every Salvationist should be known in heaven, viz., a zealous soldier.

The Zealous Barber.

The Right Thing Said at the Wrong Time.

There is much in the way one introduces a conversation. Dr. Filippo, in one of his lectures gives an anecdote that points the moral. A barber, who had recently been converted, heard his pastor say that every man had opportunities for warning his friends. It occurred to him that he had a fine opportunity whilst shaving his customers, and he resolved to make sure of it. His first customer the next morning threw himself leisurely into the chair. The barber after going through the lathering process, took his razor in hand and began vigorously to strap it. He stopped and looked towards his customer, he began, "My friend, do you ever think about dying? It is time for you to think about it now." The customer, supposing that the barber had lost his reason, fled in dismay from the shop.

Love will behave as well in a poor man's cottage as in a rich man's mansion.

Over a Cup of Tea.

The Field Commissioner Meets the Social and League of Mercy Staff.

Notwithstanding the many demands upon the time and attention of our Leader, the Field Commissioner very kindly arranged to take tea with the local Rescue Staff and League of Mercy at the Rescue Home last Thursday evening.

If the weather clerk had tried his best, he could hardly have given us a more unpleasant night, but in spite of the cold winds and driving rain a goodly number of Rescue Officers and League of Mercy members assembled in the pleasant reception room at the appointed time.

Tea was laid in the spacious "Home Room." That room so dear to the girls who have found indeed a home in this place of refuge, and who, now that they are living lives of respectability and usefulness, can come to this bright room to spend their "evenings off," and get help, counsel, and encouragement from those who have given their lives to this work.

After tea had been partaken of, and Majr Stewart had led us up to the Throne in a few words of praise and thanksgiving to God for His goodness, the tables were cleared and removed, and everyone settled down for a real time of blessing.

"We'll be heroes," was the song chosen to commence with, for the Commissioner thought that though we were only women, we could still be heroes. After prayer and a verse of another song, Mrs. Read related a touching League of Mercy story, and then called upon Mrs. Leggett, who is an enthusiastic member of the League, and who visits the Mercer Reformatory each week, to have a few words. Adj. Jordan, Adj. Ward and Major Stewart followed, each having some encouraging incident of their own particular work to tell.

The Commissioner was welcomed with a warmth of greeting which testified to the affection with which those warrior women regard her, as well as their gladness in having her with them, and the inspiration of her counselling words.

Real inspiration was the informal address which she gave. She prefaced it by the remark that although some might think that she knew nothing of the actual efforts of the League of Mercy work, and consequently could not thoroughly enter into either its difficulties or its joys, she was in reality well qualified to appreciate both. Had she not when a Field Captain been her own League of Mercy—singing by many a hospital cot, kneeling in many a prison cell, tending sickness and sorrow amid the dirt and gloom of many a city slum, and, in short, fulfilling all the Heaven-crowned missions which actuate the League of Mercy members' labor of love. From out of the knowledge of such experience the Commissioner urged upon each the responsibility of keeping a soul ever fresh in its communion with heaven, for, as her now glorified mother once said, "You cannot get anything out of anybody that is not in," and if the members of the League of Mercy failed to carry with them to their task the assurance of a living salvation, then the suffering, the convict, the sorrowful, and the sick would be disappointed, no matter how otherwise successful their ministrations might be.

The closing prayer of consecration linked tighter each to each, and all to the Cross. There will be too rich an aftermath of blessing of that night for the Field Commissioner's visit soon to be forgotten.

SNAP-SHOTS

OF WEST ONTARIO WARFARE.

The P. O.'s have visited the Windsor District, doing a portion of the trip on a wheel. They were delighted with the appearance of things in each case, and the work is going ahead nicely in every respect.

Essex Centre, under the leadership of Capt. Coe, is doing splendidly, an evidence of which was given in the fact of doubling the H. F. target.

Leamington Fair was in progress, which explained the cause of the stir noticeable on the streets as the cycle quartette—the P. O.'s, Capt. Coe and Haley—wheeled in. The open-air meeting was somewhat noisy, and it was evident the devil had got in some of his fine work with the aid of whiskey, etc. The inside meeting was A. I. A full house of appreciative and interested listeners gave us a warm welcome, as well as the soldiers. It was pleasant to meet ex-officers McCoil and Rutledge and Mrs. Rutledge, and to note they were doing good service for God and the old Flag as soldiers.

Mrs. Southall contributed to the enjoyment of the meeting with her singing.

Windsor.—We wheeled back to Essex Centre next morning, and after refreshing ourselves at the neat dining table at Capt. Coe's quarters, we finished our trip by rail.

Open-air in Windsor are always interesting—usually good crowds and interested listeners, and fairly good givers. The Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Southall contributed in no small measure to the success by their singing and guitar accompaniment.

Sunday's meetings were A. I., each increasing in interest and effect, until the night meeting when the power of God was especially manifest in convicting many of eternal realities. The soldiers were blessed and inspired, and prospects are good for an immediate advance of our Blood-and-Fire warriors here. Hallelujah! Go on, comrades.

Wallaceburg.—The P. O. visited here and Dresden alone. He was delighted with the neat and clean quarters at each place.

Lieut. Pickles' description of the hearty spirit of the soldiers is worthy of mention, and the P. O. would pass it on as an example that might be copied by some of our male soldiers at different corps, especially where female officers are stationed. The Lieutenant stated

sign Wakefield deserves commendation for the improvements made in our property here. Some time ago the old lion fence was taken away and the front sodded, the old steps taken down and replaced by new ones, as well as having a nice street lamp put opposite the barracks door, and now the latest improvement as stated above. Well done, Ensign!

The spirit of enterprise is growing. May the infection continue to spread.

Later.—Woodstock had a break last Sunday night—SIX SOULS. There must have been a big time among the angels last Sunday night.

Well done, Capt. Huntingdon. \$25 collected since H. F. at Strathroy is not so bad. This means debt devil knocked into a cocked hat. (Don't illustrate, Mr. Editor.)

Beautiful Galt! Five captures eh? Salvation tornadoes prevalent around W. O. P. quarter.

League of Mercy Quilt.—This is to purchase War Crys for hospital, jail, etc. Names of all Salvation "big bugs," and all other kinds throughout the Dominion on it. Wouldn't yours look nice, worked in silk. My! Only ten cents. Come now, send your donation to Mrs. Major Southall, Salvation Citadel, London.



OUR PASSWORD (COURAGE) ILLUSTRATED.

"Lord, help me to wear that bonnet; I have had it now for six months in my drawer and have never had courage to wear it, but by Thy help I will wear it after this, and will give the three dollars, which I was going to spend on a new hat, for the Self-Denial Fund."

that the young men soldiers looked after the lamps, swept the barracks, and looked after things generally.

We had a fine meeting, the interest of which was much enhanced by the energetic little D. O. and her Lieutenant, who drove over, bringing a number of Dresden soldiers with her.

Dresden.—The week-end here was indeed a surprise. I had been led to expect a rather tough time. Had splendid meetings all through. Interest was marked, also the attention. The night meeting was indeed an old-timer. Great victory had to be preceded by a battle—ten battles in one night was not so bad. War Cry readers will have read an account of this meeting in telegram already sent. One after another came, best of all, each seemed to deliberate on the step they were taking, until the midnight hour was close upon us when we rejoiced over the tenth prisoner. The fervour and enthusiasm of the soldiers was splendid as we sang—converts included—"I'll be true, Lord, to Thee." It was a well-fought battle. Soldiers did gallantly.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips put in a week-end at Woodstock, re-opening new week-night hall, which the Staff-Capt. reports a creditable affair. En-

sign Wakefield deserves commendation for the improvements made in our property here. Some time ago the old lion fence was taken away and the front sodded, the old steps taken down and replaced by new ones, as well as having a nice street lamp put opposite the barracks door, and now the latest improvement as stated above. Well done, Ensign!

All right, Lieut. Bonny. The secret has got out about barracks and quarters repairs at Bothwell. Good again. We hope a few others will take the tip. A few quarters we know of could stand a little masculine energy expended upon them, and would pay good dividend.

Fine stroke that, Ensign Collett. Forty-five dollars raised in Sunday night's meeting. Five ministers, and Staff-Capt. Phillips' combined efforts brought forth this achievement at Brantford. Hurrah!

Another achievement—don't blame me, Mr. Editor, inspiration causes my fingers to dance over the paper—yes, sir, it is no less than Watford bought small house, attaching same to barracks and fixing up for quarters. Well done!

Seaforth is "a-hummin'" along. Ensign Bale is responsible for disturbing the devil's equanimity in this town. Finances, crowds, and everything full steam ahead.

There are others—but—well, next time must do. UNO.

BRIGADIER HOWELL.

A TALK WITH THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

The shades of night had hardly fled before the glorious rising of the fiery orb, and sleep still hung heavily upon the eyelids of the few individuals who were early at work in the Temple, when the door of the Editorial Sanctum swung back in its hinges, in fact it could not have swung back in anything else except space.

A portly figure entered—Brigadier Howell, from the far Pacific Province, wearing a smile, and bringing with him something of the stimulating fragrance that clings in some undefinable way to all things that come from the West. (Note the poetic effusion at the beginning of this article as the immediate outcome.)

"Our Officers' Council? Well, I must say they were the best—well, I'd rather not say much about them myself, but I did enjoy them immensely, and am of the opinion, that they have been practical, which will be seen in an increased activity all through the Province. We fixed the Self-Denial targets for the Districts and corps, and have no doubt that we shall get them."

"How about your Harvest Festival target?"

"We did better than any other Province, going not less than \$328 over our target. What do you think of that?"

"Out of sight, Brigadier Howell, excellent! Tell me, what public meetings did you have in connection with your officers' councils?"

"We had public meetings every night for six days, commencing with a reception meeting on Saturday night, and continuing with a battle for souls all day Sunday and the following five evenings. Big crowds every night, and quite a number of conversions, were the results."

"Have you had many new openings recently?"

"Since coming to the Province I have opened Sheridan, Billings, Kaslo and Revelstoke, and I am just opening T. A. and Kamloops, in B. C. Boise City was also opened by me, but it was thought advisable that the Northern Pacific Division should take it over. We received in exchange New Whatcom and Mt. Vernon. By this arrangement both Divisions were benefited."

"The Junior Work, Brigadier?"

"Well I have been laying the needs and plans to meet them before the District Officers in the council's just concluded, and a desperate effort will be made to put it on a good footing all through the West. Of course, women and children are not near as plentiful out our way, hence the opportunity as well as the need is not the same as in the East. We have, however, separate Junior barracks in Vancouver and Victoria, and are now negotiating for one at Spokane."

"What about the Social Work in your domain?"

"Social Work, sir? Booming! The Spokane Shelter is a big success, crowded nightly. Why, only a few nights before I came away, they turned away fifty applicants for lodging. We shall run a wood-yard again in connection with it during the coming winter, as we did last winter. Adj. Egdecomb has just farewelled. Vancouver Shelter is an excellent institution, and doing fine under Adj. and Mrs. Patterson. Butte is our next opening. We are not ready for it yet, but we are on the look-out for an opportunity there to start; of course, there is the need. The Rescue Homes are also in splendid condition. Mrs. Langtry, at Spokane, has her Home full all the time, and had to put in more beds; and Adj. Walton, who has just taken hold of the Helena Home, is doing well there. Oh, yes, we are getting on very satisfactorily indeed, I am in love with the West, with the people, and our own soldiers and recruits there."

The artist at this stage of proceeding appeared on the scene with a sketch, and interrupted an interview that had nearly come to an end, and so furnished material to wind up gracefully.

A Salvationist Sewing Machine Agent, at B—, sold a machine to a lady to be paid for on the instalment plan. The husband returns and is enraged at the idea of buying from a Salvationist, and when the agent comes to make collection is very ungentlemanly spoken to.

"Very well, sir I will take it away. I don't want any hard feelings."

The machine is loaded up, 200 yards away: "Mr. S—, haigh! Mr. S—, whoa! I have been thinking of buying a machine."

"I have one to sell."

The machine is talked over. The machine is sold for cash.—F. McK.

GAZETTE.

Promotions:—

Lieutenant Brandser, of Grafton, to be Captain at Grand Forks.

Lieutenant Herringshaw, of Oakes, to be Captain at Emerson.

Lieutenant Smith to be Captain at Moosomin.

Lieutenant Vene Woods to be Captain.

Cadet-Captain Brown, New Whatcom, to be Captain at Mt. Vernon.

Lieutenant Meredith, Revelstoke, B. C., to be Captain at Vancouver.

Lieutenant Krell, Lewiston, to be Captain at Nelson.

Lieutenant Meyers, of Rossland, to be Captain at Bozeman.

Lieutenant Noble, of Kaslo, to be Captain.

Cadet-Lieutenant Zieburth, Anaconda, to be Lieutenant at Spokane.

Cadet-Lieutenant Jones, to be Captain at Vancouver Shelter.

Cadet-Lieutenant Wairuth, of Billings, to be Lieutenant at Livingston.

Cadet Kreiger, of Rat Portage Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Portage la Prairie.

Cadet Adams, of Rat Portage Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Hanna.

Cadet Hanger, of Winnipeg, to be Lieutenant at Moosomin.

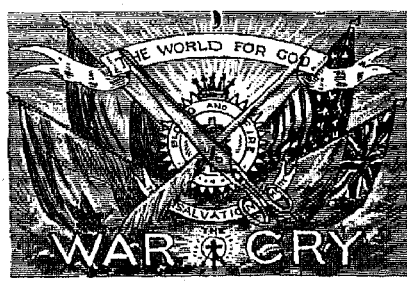
Appointment:—

Ensign Fitzpatrick to be Captain at Kamloops.

Ensign Stalgers to be G. B. M. Agent, Pacific Province.

Ensign Stanbury, from furlough, to Anaconda.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



The Field Commissioner.

Unexpected, like the proverbial thunderclap out of a blue smiling sky, came the breakdown of our beloved leader, Commissioner Eva Booth. She was full of pleasant hopes with regards to the October gatherings, and with fond ambition looked forward to the public meetings and talking to her officers in council, and so make these meetings the occasion of more desperate determination and greater devotion to the cause ever present in her thoughts and ever dear to her heart. She was in the midst of her preparations, having toiled almost day and night at full speed when on the very eve of the gatherings she broke down and had to be taken home in a cab. The doctor, who was hastily summoned, pronounced that Miss Booth must have been ill for some time back, but that her tremendous force of will made her put forth such effort as carried her seemingly well until all physical strength was spent, therefore, the collapse was all the more serious. For days our suffering Commissioner was unable to take food or drink. It is the doctor's opinion that the brain had used up the blood and the juices of the body. Water was denied her, except a spoonful, and always hot. "I can understand now, what Jesus must have suffered when He cried, 'I thirst,'" she said. "His body, bruised and broken, every moisture of the flesh dried up by the hot, throbbing brain, burning with the agony of Gethsemane, every atom of His muscles, parched, crying out, 'I thirst!'"

The greatest trial to the Field Commissioner was the mortification to picture the disappointment of the public on account of having to cancel the Pavilion meetings. Yet when we consider the great pressure under which she has been working, and the number of public appointments crowded into all her spare

16th Anniversary Celebrations.

THE PRELIMINARY MEETINGS.

Day of Salvation at the Temple — Officers' Reception.



GLOOM was cast over the meetings on Sunday, the 23rd Oct., when the Field Commissioner was to have led a battle for souls at the splendid Pavilion, Toronto. Many people had been unable to learn of the change on account of the Commissioner's illness, but those who came to the Temple instead, felt in some measure repaid.

Colonel Jacobs, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, Brigadiers Gaskin, Pugmire, and Friedrich, Majors Horn, Smeaton and others were present, as well as a few of the District Officers who had come a long way to attend the councils.

The holiness meeting was conducted in the Jubilee Hall, which was well filled. God unmistakably came near our hearts and spoke to the half-hearted and lukewarm ones. Four sought the blessing of a clean heart and testified to having obtained it. The Colonel spoke on Abraham and Isaac.

A rousing open-air was held after dinner on the corner of York and King Streets, a fine lot of soldiers and officers had turned out. A splendid march back to the Temple, and we were soon full speed in the regular free-and-easy style of a Sunday afternoon's meeting. Testimonies were given by both soldiers and officers.

Major McMillan read a few verses from the 53rd chapter of Isaiah and spoke some earnest words of warning to the sinner, followed by Brigadier Pugmire and the Colonel.

The usual open-air preceded the evening meeting. A fine crowd at the Temple awaited the arrival of the march.

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord!"

was started, and the old, familiar words awoke doubtless blessed memories in many a heart, as well as slumbering consciences.

The Colonel, in a masterly way, spoke of the many privileges that Toronto people had as the children of the Kingdom, and yet how many of them would be lost, while others from the East and West, the North and the South, who are now despised like the Chinese and Indians, would pass to the right of the Great Judge and enter heaven. The power of conviction was most emphatically seen, and a profound attention was given to all the Colonel said.

There was a stiff fight during the prayer meeting, but at last one volunteered, then another came, and so on at intervals until six knelt there and found the Saviour's pardon.

Some of the Indian soldiers from the Manitoulin Island, were present with us and sung in their own language. Their testimony and singing was most touching in their simplicity.

MONDAY.

Reception to the Officers.

From early morning officers from all parts of Ontario, as well as some soldiers, arrived, and thronged the Provincial office to secure their billets. Sharp at seven the open-air on the corner of Adelaide and Younge Streets commenced, conducted by Brigadier Pugmire, with his well-known vim and vigor.

The Temple was nicely filled at eight, when the inside meeting commenced. The Chief Secretary's appearance was a signal to an outburst of enthusiasm manifested in ringing volleys and vigorous clapping of hands, tooting of horns and beating of drums.

time, it is surprising that with her delicate health, she has been able to meet most of her public engagements. If it was generally known under what conditions Miss Booth has at times forced herself to conduct meetings according to announcements, even the most chronic grumblers would feel rather humble, and charity would gain new converts.

Colonel Jacobs.

Our worthy Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, right nobly stepped in the bridge

"God is keeping His soldiers fighting, Evermore we shall conquerors be,"

was the appropriate opening song, led off to the accompaniment of the scarlet-tinted Staff Band.

"No, we never, never, never will give in, no we won't,"

the chorus rose from hundreds of glad throats, and from as many determined hearts to push on the battle.

Many a veteran of the fight involuntarily let his mind travel swiftly back along the road of the past years of fighting. There has been many a hard struggle, and many a hand to hand fight with the devil, many a stormy day and many a dark night passed through, but thank God for them all, and for the precious lesson they have taught. Thank God for not giving in—and again they sang it—

"No, we never, never, never will give in."

After prayer, Brigadier Howell was called upon for a solo, and he quickly responded with a brand-new song to the tune of "The Star-spangled banner," unfortunately the air was not sufficiently known to make a success of the chorus, but the appreciative audience made up for it by heartily singing "We're marching on, we're marching on," to the tune of "The Maple Leaf forever."

Colonel Jacobs next welcomed the visiting officers in a most hearty manner, that found a warm response in every heart. He expressed the firm hope that every comrade that had come up to these councils would be blessed and freshly enthused with the Holy Spirit to fight sin and uphold our old-fashioned doctrine of holiness of heart and life. We belong to no denomination, we go into a town or city to get sinners saved, whether they make a profession or not, and to turn them not into arguing believers, but into practical Christians and soldiers of our God.

Brigadier Gaskin then welcomed the officers on behalf of the Central Ontario Province. He believed that he had about as nice a lot of officers as any P. O., and that they were also godly and hard-working, reciting as an instance the case of an old man, who was met by a couple of lassies on the road, while they were going into the country to beg for Harvest Festival. He was spoken to about his soul, and having objections to praying on the street, was taken into an old disused building near by and prayed with, resulting in the conversion of this veteran of eighty years.

The portly figure of Major McMillan, from Winnipeg, followed the Centralian in taking the rail. He was pleased to be there and to be able to report first above all that his soul was saved. The North-West Province is all right, and his officers are on fire. In his recent council, at Fargo, the 50 officers present promised to raise their S.-D. target. He has been eleven years in this Territory, and for twenty years in the service of God, and his determination to go to the end was firmer than ever.

"We will have now a duet from Brigadier Compin and Adjt. Manton," the Chief Secretary announced.

The tall folks just named—one is tall perpendicularly, the other horizontally—took the platform, and with well-pitched voices sang some salvation song, taking its text from John iii. 16.

Brigadier Howell from the Farthest West, spoke of the wonderful development of the Pacific Province, which but three years ago last June was formed

with only nine corps and seventeen officers, and had to-day 27 corps with 71 officers, and two more openings to take place this very week.

Who is that well-developed man with black whiskers and princely mien? Why, that is Brigadier Bennett, of the East Ontario and Quebec Province. He appreciated the visit to Toronto with unusual relish, it appeared by his speech, he recognized us all as true ladies and gentlemen. Some one had said to him some time ago, "This is a free country." He had replied, "That depends upon the part you live in." Down in Montreal they could not stand still to have an open-air in the city, the police kept them moving in a dog-trot all the time while they were speaking. However the East Ontario Province is not behind the rest. Soldiers and officers are alive and hard after the devil.

The collection was asked for by the able beggar, Major Hargrave (no offence). The Staff Band played while the collectors were at work and a good round applause rewarded them for their fine playing. At this stage the Colonel introduced the man whom Harry Hustler delighted to honor and place on such a high pinnacle in the War Cry. Major Southall rose to the dignity of the occasion with a most wonderfully-constructed piece of rhetoric. He regretted that the benign smile which the War Cry artist had put on his face was not purchasable else he would desire to risk a dollar.

He reported victory in his Province. A most remarkable revival had broken out in one of the hardest corps, resulting in a large number of conversions of hard cases and a glorious wind-up at twelve o'clock.

Our Indian brothers of yesterday were again asked to sing. The Chief said a few words of testimony. He felt rather nervous, he said, and "was shaking under his feet." He was glad he was saved. He loved God and the Salvation Army, also the officers, in fact, he said in a harmless way, pointing to one of the lassies who had been stationed on the Island, that he "loved her with all his heart."

Brigadier Sharp, of Newfoundland, looked as hale and hearty as ever. He said that a very few people knew anything of Newfoundland. He was glad to be able to report a steady rise and increase of interest and soldiery. His officers are on fire, his soldiers are devoted and hard-working, and in every sense the work is prosperous. Thirteen day schools are now conducted by the Army, and more are being constantly opened. A Staff Officer is in training at the College for higher teaching. He loved his Province. He thanked God that although he had not in his possession a piece of the cross on which our Saviour hung, like the priest boasted of, but he had the Saviour who was crucified on that cross and had risen again, and he would spend his life in publishing Him and His power to deliver from sin. During eight months five hundred names had been added to the soldiers' rolls in Newfoundland.

Brigadier Pugmire had also a good report to give. The East had a substantial increase to show in enrolled soldiers and other directions as well. He gave a few typical cases of salvation to illustrate the sort of work that was carried on, and also said a few words direct to the sinner. He asserted that he was in the Army to live and die.

The Colonel gathered in the ends of the net and dragged for fish, as a proper Salvation Army close to the Reception Meeting. Some six knelt at the penitent form for pardon, and the angels celebrated their reception into the fold of the children of God. Hallelujah!

The Officers' Councils commenced on Tuesday at the Lippincott Street barracks. The reports of the Councils, the Soldiers' Assembly and the Anniversary Address of the Commissioner, in the Bond Street Congregational Church will appear in next week's issue.

REPORTER.

at these meetings felt blessed, and we are sure that a great many were cut to the heart, and will yield to God's Spirit ere long.

The Anniversary Meetings.

As we go to Press, the opening session of the officers' council has just closed, and has fully come up to our expectation. The Field Commissioner, although far from well, spoke with remarkable force, and assured us all, that there need be no anxiety, as she would not assume any undue risk. She said if she once found her feet, she was fairly certain of being able to keep them.

The Field Commissioner to Her Soldiers.

The Field Commissioner has consented for us to print the personal letter which was sent in connection with last year's Self-Denial effort, to the Soldiers of the Territory. We are giving this letter in full below, as an appropriate forerunner to the approaching Self-Denial week, Nov. 20th to 26th.

My dear Comrade,

How much I wish I could gather you all into one great crowd and speak to you out of the feelings of my heart, now that the swift flight of another twelve months brings us again onto the borders of our Self-Denial effort. However, this is out of the question, and so with all eagerness I take my pen and through it want to speak to you as directly and confidentially as though we talked together.

How quickly the year has gone—it now forms another link in the long chain which by and by will unite our past with our eternal future when we stand where the records are read before the gathered nations of the world, and where any and every sacrifice ever made will find abundant reward in His own crowning. Oh! that our love, devotion and individual denial in the cause of the Bleeding Lamb should stand the test of the balances.

I am confident that last year some of you put the whole question into as deep a place in your heart as it filled in my own, and that you toiled to reach the targets of your respective Corps to the utmost of your ability. The grand total reached, astounding the world, will have somewhat repaid you, but your true reward is in the fact that the financial outcome resulted in the Salvation of thousands of sinners, the making happy of hundreds of earth's most miserable homes, the sheltering of destitute and forsaken children, the deliverance of despairing and wretched drunkards, the bringing home of wandering backsliders, the reaching and saving of the heathen, and lifting to a far greater height of notice and triumph our Blood and Fire banner.

But what about the future? We want not only to maintain our position, but my heart

burns for further advance. We must make fresh inroads into the enemy's ground, and this calls for fresh sacrifice, fresh zeal, fresh practical and desperate effort—in the interests of

of unequalled sacrifice, love and sorrow, and from its foot we will, with new passion, plead its claims. We will deny ourselves for its sake. We will beg in its name. We will pray to its Christ, we will get all the blessing to our own souls He has to give us by virtue of Self-Denial, and pressing through difficulties and darkness we will share in its triumph.

As I said last year, do not get discouraged. Give gentle answers to all questions. The Lord will help you. Inform

in your town, just remind them of the fact that fifty weeks in the year you have all you can get for your own Corps, and explain that this is our great missionary effort. The enclosed card, which you should always have with you when collecting, gives all the latest figures respecting our work in every part of the world. You may often find it helpful to quote these figures and so direct attention to them.

Now my dear comrades, you must reckon upon my personal interest in you, my love, my sympathy, my prayers for you, and as well my confidence that you will leave no stone unturned to close this effort with a record breaking victory. Do your best—do! I am exceedingly anxious—don't fail me—God will help you.

Yours with you in the battle,

Evangeline Borch

Field Commissioner.

The Salvation Army FACTS AND FIGURES,

1898.

Total number of Officers.....	15,019
“ “ “ Corps	4,081
“ “ “ Outposts	2,150
“ “ “ Corps and Outposts.....	6,231
“ “ “ Local Officers and Bandsmen	48,162
“ “ “ Outdoor Meetings held.....	50,101
“ “ “ Indoor “ “	34,015
“ “ “ Newspapers and Magazines published in eighteen different languages	52
Total number of languages in which the Gospel is preached by the Salvation Army.....	27
During the year '97 alone the Salvation Army presses issued of Newspapers, Magazines, etc.	53,498,350
Total number of Women's Rescue Homes....	86
“ “ “ Women admitted in '97.....	4,769
“ “ “ Slum Posts.....	108
“ “ “ Prison Gate Homes.....	15
“ “ “ Land Colonies.....	15
“ “ “ Food Depots.....	28
“ “ “ Night Shelters.....	101
“ “ “ Giving accommodation for....	11,309
“ “ “ Workshops	38
“ “ “ Children's Homes	24
“ “ “ Submerged daily cared for..	26,000

Distinctly Missionary Operations are carried on amongst the raw heathen in the Tamils, Gujaratis, Bengolis, Marathis, Sikhs, Bheels, Singhalese, Niaks, Santhals, Zulus, Kaffirs, Bechuanas, Mashonas, Maoris, natives of the Sandwich Islands, Java, and the Australian Aborigines.

this poor lost world, for which my Master died. I am looking to you for it! How can I do otherwise! In the past you have helped me bravely—I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for your patient, loving, and generous co-operation in raising money for the suffering and for the Salvation of the lost. In this present effort you will do your best again to help me—no! not to help me, for in spirit linking my hand in yours we make our way nearer to Calvary and take our stand amidst its scene

those anxious to know what is done with the money that a full account is given on the Balance Sheet published every year by the Army. Should anyone enquire, "Is not the work of the Army going down?" tell them statistics show that each branch of the organization has increased during the past twelve months. If asked do the converts stand, point to yourself and your tens of thousands of comrades round the world as a proof. If anyone complains because the money you are collecting is not spent

"The denying of ourselves, and the taking up our cross, in the full extent of the expression, is not a thing of small concern; it is not expedient only, as are some of the circumstantialities of religion, but it is absolutely, indispensably necessary, either to our becoming or continuing His disciples. It is absolutely necessary in the very nature of the thing, to our coming after Him and following Him; insomuch that, as far as we do not practice it, we are not His disciples. If we do not continually deny ourselves, we do not learn of Him, but of other masters; if we do not take up our cross daily, we do not come after Him, but after the world, or the prince of the world, or our own fleshly mind; if we are not following Him, we are not treading in His steps, but going back from, or at least wide of Him."

*

General Gordon wrote from Khartoum to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, "Propose to your committee to give up wine for a month, not to give dinner parties for the same time, and to devote the proceeds to the mission. Ask them if they felt the slightest inconvenience in giving their five pounds then."

An Iron Pillar.

Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER this, my husband enjoying some intermission of his ailments, had a mind to go to Orleans, and from thence to Touraine. In this journey my vanity made its last blaze. I received abundance of visits and applause. How clearly did I see the folly of men who were so taken with vain beauty! I disliked the passion, yet not that in myself which caused, thought I sometimes ardently desired to be delivered from it. The continual combat of nature and grace cost me no small affliction.

What augmented the temptation was, that they esteemed in me virtue, joined with youth and beauty; not knowing that all the virtue was only in God, and His protection, and all the weakness in myself.

We met with accidents in this journey, sufficient to have terrified anyone; yet my resignation to God was so strong, I was fearless, even where there was apparently no possibility for escape. At one time in a narrow pass, we did not perceive, until too far advanced to draw back, the road was undermined by the river Loire, which ran beneath, and the banks had fallen in; so that in places the footmen were obliged to support one side of the carriage. All were terrified, yet God kept me tranquil; and I rejoiced at the prospect of losing my life by a singular stroke of His providence.

On my arrival home I found my husband taken with the gout; my little daughter ill, and like to die of small-pox; my eldest son, too, took it, and of so malignant a type, it rendered him as disfigured as before he was beautiful. I had no doubt but I should take the small-pox. Mrs. Granger advised me to leave. My father offered to take me home, with my second son, whom I tenderly loved. But my mother-in-law would not suffer it. She persuaded my husband it was useless, and sent for a physician, who seconded her in it, saying I should as readily take it at a distance as here. She proved a Jephtha, and sacrificed us both, though innocently. Had she known what followed, she would have acted otherwise. All the town was stirred. Everyone begged her to send me away, and cried out it was cruel to expose me. They set upon me, too, imagining I was unwilling to go; for I had not told that she was so averse to it. I had no other disposition than to sacrifice myself to Divine Providence; and though I might have removed, notwithstanding my mother-in-law's resistance, yet I would not without her consent.

I continued in this spirit to sacrifice to God, waiting in entire resignation, for whatever He should be pleased to ordain. I cannot express what nature suffered; I was like one who sees both certain death and an easy remedy, without being able to avoid the former or try the latter. I had no less apprehension for my youngest son than for myself. My mother-in-law so excessively doted on the eldest, the rest of us were indifferent to her. Yet if she had known that the younger would have died of the small-pox, she would not have acted as she did. **GOD MAKES USE OF CREATURES AND THEIR NATURAL INCLINATIONS TO ACCOMPLISH HIS DESIGNS.** When I see in the creatures a conduct unreasonable and mortifying, I mount higher, and look upon them as instruments both of the mercy and justice of God; for His justice is full of mercy.

When I told my husband I was sick, and taking the small-pox, he said it was only imagination. At length I was seized with a great shivering and pain. They would not yet believe I was sick; but in a few hours they thought my life in danger; for I was also taken with inflammation on my lungs. So little attendance was paid me, I was on the point of death. My husband, not being able to see me, left me entirely to his mother. She would not allow any physician but her own to prescribe for me, yet did not send for him, though he was within a day's journey of us. I opened not my mouth to request any succor. The peace I enjoyed with in, on account of that perfect resignation, in which God kept me by His grace, was so great it made me forget myself, in the midst of such suffering.

But the Lord's protection was indeed wonderful. It pleased Him so to order

it, that a skillful surgeon, who had attended me before, passing by our house, inquired after me. They told him I was extremely ill. He alighted immediately, and came in to see me. Never was a man more surprised, when he saw the frightful condition I was in. The small-pox, which could not come out, had fallen on my nose with such force that it was quite black. He thought there had been a gangrene in it, and that it was going to fall off. My eyes were like two coals; but I was not alarmed; for at that time I could have made a sacrifice of all things, and was pleased that God would avenge Himself on that face, which had betrayed me into so many infidelities.

The malady fell into my eyes, and inflamed them with such severe pain, that I thought I should lose them. I had those violent pains for three weeks, during which I got little sleep. I could not shut my eyes, they were so full of the small-pox, nor open them by reason of the pain I endured. There was the greatest probability that I should lose my sight, but I was wholly reconciled. My throat, palate, and gums were likewise so filled with the pock, that I could not take any nourishment, without suffering extremely. My whole body

to view myself in the glass. I felt shocked; God had ordered the sacrifice in all its reality.

They sent me pomatums to recover my complexion, and fill up the hollows of the small-pox. I had seen wonderful effects on others, and had a mind to try them. But love, jealous of His work, would not suffer it. A voice in my heart said, "If I would have had thee fair, I would have left thee as thou wert." I was obliged to lay aside every remedy, and to go into the air, which made the pitting worse; and to expose myself in the street to the eyes of everyone, when the redness of the small-pox was at the worst, in order to make my humiliation triumph, where I had exalted my pride.

My husband kept his bed almost all the time. As he lost that which before gave him so much pleasure in viewing me, he grew more susceptible of impressions against me. The persons who spoke to him to my disadvantage, feeling themselves better hardened to, spoke more boldly and frequently. **THERE WAS ONLY THOU, O MY GOD, WHO CHANGED NOT FOR ME.** Thou didst multiply my inward graces, in proportion as Thou didst increase my outward crosses.

My waiting maid became every day more haughty. Seeing her scoldings did not now torment me, she thought, if she could hinder me from going to the communion, she would give me the greatest vexations. She was not mistaken, O Divine One, since the only satisfaction of my life was to receive and honor Thee. When she discovered me going thither, she ran to tell my mother-in-law and husband. They incessantly watched my words, to find occasion against me. They chided me all the day long, continually repeating and harping over the same things, even before the servants. How often have I made my meals on tears, which were interpreted as the most criminal in the world! If I recited anything I heard, they would



JESUS AND THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

A modernized rendering that preaches its own sermon.

looked like that of a leper. All that saw me said that they never seen such a shocking spectacle. But my soul was kept in a contentment not to be expressed. I would not have changed my condition for that of the most happy prince in the world.

Everyone thought that I would be inconsolable; and several expressed their sympathy in my sad condition, while I lay still, in the secret fruition of a joy unspeakable, in this total deprivation of what had been a snare to my pride, and to the passions of men. I praised God in profound silence. **NONE EVER HEARD ANY COMPLAINTS FROM ME, BECAUSE OF PAIN OR THE LOSS OF MY BEAUTY.**

My youngest boy took the distemper the same day with myself, and died for want of care. This blow indeed struck me to the heart, yet the spirit of sacrifice possessed me so strongly, that, though I loved this child tenderly, I never shed a tear at hearing of his death. The day he was buried the doctor said my little girl would not survive him two days. My eldest son was not yet out of danger, so I saw myself stripped of all my children at once, my husband indisposed, and myself extremely ill. My little girl lived some years.

After my eldest son was better, he came into my chamber. I was surprised at the extraordinary change I saw in him. His face, lately so fair and beautiful, was like a coarse spot of earth, full of furrows. That gave me the curiosity

to render me accountable for the truth of it. If I kept silence, they taxed me with perverseness; if I knew anything without telling it, that was a crime; if I told it, they said I forged it. Sometimes I said, "Oh, that I had but any one to whom I might unbosom myself, what a relief it would be!" But it was not granted me.

They were ever talking to me against my father, whom I tenderly loved, against his relations, and all I esteemed. I felt this more keenly than all they said. I could not forbear defending them, and therein I did wrong, as whatever I said served only to provoke them.

I often fell into the anxiety of wishing to get time to pray, which was not agreeable to my husband. Those faults were more frequent in the beginning. Afterwards I prayed to God in His own retreat, **IN THE TEMPLE OF MY HEART**, and then I went out no more.

I often suddenly was seized with a strong impulse to go to prayers. My maid would say, "But, madam, you are going to tire yourself in vain. There will be no service." However, I went full of faith, and at my arrival have found them just ready to begin. When I wanted to hear from, or write to Mother Granger, I often felt a strong propensity to go to the door. There I found a messenger with a letter from her, which could not have fallen into my hands but for that.

The most sensible cross to me now was the revolting of my own son against me,

whom they inspired with a great contempt for me. When I was in my chamber with some of my friends, they sent him to listen to what was said, and as he saw this pleased them, he invented a hundred things to tell them. What gave me the severest pang was the loss of my child. If I caught him in a lie, he would upbraid me, saying, "My grandmother says you have been a greater liar than I." I answered him, "Therefore I know the deformity of that vice, and how hard a thing it is to get the better of it; and for this reason, son, I would not have you suffer the like." He spoke things very offensive, and because he saw the awe I stood in of his grandmother and father, if in their absence I found fault with him for anything, he insultingly upbraided me, and said I wanted to set up for his mistress, because they were not there. All this they approved of. One day he went to see my father, and rashly began talking against me to him, as he was used to his grandmother. But it did not meet with the same recompense. It affected my father to tears. He came to our house to desire he might be corrected for it. They promised it should be done, yet never did it. I was grievously afraid of the consequences of so bad an education.

Soldier's Testimony.

CANDIDATE CHARLES WILLIS, OF REVELSTOKE.

Praise God, I am free, no more to be a slave to the devil or his hellish ways. Jesus has saved me through His precious Blood and by His wonderful love. It often comes to my mind, how God did spare me to enjoy this wonderful peace, how He allowed me to live on in this world a rebel to Him, cursing His name and the way of the righteous.

At the early age of thirteen I learned to chew tobacco. As I grew in age, so I grew in sin, but all against the will and knowledge of my parents, who did their utmost to bring me into manhood as a true Christian.

In the early spring of '94, at the age of 18 years, I left home to work on the railroad. There soon I was initiated into all the evil devices my wages would allow. I became a cigarette fiend, often laying awake the greater part of the night to indulge in a novel and cigarettes but owing to depression it brought upon me, I had to resign this habit, only to start as bad, if not worse, a sin. I wandered along, working here and there, squandering my wages, till last spring, when the dear old Army opened fire at Revelstoke, finding me a gambler, tobacco fiend and drunkard. Often have I been taken home, to where I worked, drunk, and I have laid in the street, where I had fallen, unable to carry myself along. But, praise God for the Army. They pointed me to Jesus, to His wonderful love and His saving power.

On the 4th of April I made my way out from old companions to the penitent form and found Jesus, while the soldiers sang, "Oh, say, will you take up your cross?" Thank God I have taken up my cross; it is light. Jesus has washed me clean. No more desire to sin. Hallelujah! Now my life is for Jesus, evermore to tell what Jesus has done for me, and to help others to the Cross.

[FOR OFFICERS ONLY.]

The Yellow Light.

At one of the numerous country fairs a showman was exhibiting a "little world" with all its city life and action. In front was a railroad depot with its yard, switches and signal lamps. A little newsboy stood on tip-toe, looking through the glass at the magnificent wonders, while the showman explained the meaning of the signals.

"Red light means danger, and the green light means caution," said the Cicero.

"And what does the yellow light mean?" asked the newsboy.

"There ain't any yellow light," answered the explainer.

"Yes there is, mister," persisted the boy. After repeated assertions and prompt contradictions the showman looked into the glass himself, and seeing a yellow light, he said,

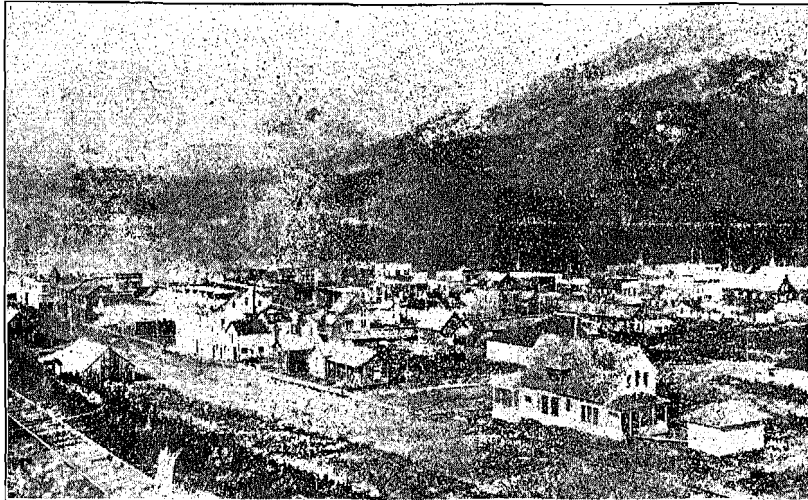
"The yellow light means that the whole blooming show is on fire and we will have to get out mighty quick!" and with this he took to his heels and his visitors after him.

Some soldiers and officers may feel quite safe in their corps and in their every day come-and-go way, but if you do not want to be beaten head the warning of the writer who stands at the magnifying glass and watches the preparations for S.-D. Week. Let me tell you that there is a yellow light looming up, and if you stay too long in your seat of complacency you will be smoked out, and left behind in the race.

The S. A. in the Rockies.

A Description of the Kootenay District, British Columbia.

Kootenay District comprises about 25,000 square miles of mountain, river and lake, which for grandeur can scarcely be equalled anywhere. The mountains literally abound with precious metals, the lakes with fish, and the beautifully located cities with a population of hardy prospectors and business men, who, for kindly sympathy and generous impulses, are seldom excelled.



NELSON, B.C.,

Capital of the Kootenay District.

The District Officer.

Adj. Milner, the officer in charge, is well known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and has had a most successful career since leaving Digby, Nova Scotia, in 1887, to join the Training Home corps at St. John, New Brunswick, as Cadet-Captain. Newcastle, Ottawa, Lippincott, Yorkville, Lisgar St., Owen Sound, Barrie, Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Vancouver, Spokane and Idaho District are some of the corps of which she has since had charge. At Yorkville she suffered a serious breakdown in health, but was raised up in answer to prayer. At Winnipeg, where she remained twelve months, a wonderful revival swept over the corps, and there was a great ingathering of souls. She successfully opened Port Arthur, and established there a fine corps, the work then done proving itself to-day. The corps at Vancouver also felt the influence of her strength of mind and soul prospering in a very special manner under her fostering care. In her present command she has been equally blessed, keeping the District in a healthy, aggressive spirit and winning many from the ways of death.

The Country.

To attempt to give any more than a passing notice of the section of country, comprised in this District, is entirely beyond the purpose of this sketch, seeing that the District is so large and filled with too many of nature's wondrous monuments, to say nothing of the many friends who have rallied to the Army's side since the first drum tap sounded in the Kootenay valleys, and who, by prayer and purse, have assisted our devoted comrades in gathering together many wonderful trophies of God's grace, until to-day the dear old Army is loved and revered throughout the length and breadth of the District.

Much has been said and written regarding the Kootenay country, but it is difficult to give a sketch of the different corps without describing somewhat the conditions under which they labor. It would be difficult indeed to find a place where there is more to delight the eye and invigorate the body, to give an incentive for the expenditure of brain and muscle. Mountain and valley, snowy peak and verdant green, interspersed by beautiful streams and mighty torrents, and chained together, as it were, by placid lakes of wondrous beauty. What a charm there is about such places as Nelson and Kaslo nestling at the foot of mighty mountains, mirrored in the transparent waters of Lake Kootenay, and peopled by generous, hard snowed toilers, who seek to wrest from the surrounding solitudes the hidden, untold wealth of gold and silver.

The District contains four corps—Nelson, Kaslo, Revelstoke and Rossland—all mining centres. Much effort is being put forth in the endeavor to reach with the Gospel message those who, on account of the peculiar nature of their work, and absence from social centre, drift head-

lessly along without pilot or anchor. In the Kootenay country there are a great many such men from all parts of the world, allured by the stories of fabulous wealth. Men and boys, women and girls, who have left home and friends, hidden themselves from the world, as it were, thinking that presently they will emerge from this obscurity laden with wealth. The ardently longed-for time seldom comes. True it is that some find gold and silver, but thousands search out the ways of wickedness, become ruined in body and soul, homeless, hopeless in spirit, fit spoil for the devil. Many there are in the District who rejoice that at such times the Army uniform hove in sight. May be on a steamboat or train, or perhaps at the street meeting, but the story is always the same, a ray of hope penetrates a darkened soul and leads to peace.

portion of the mineral output of the Slocan Section of the Kootenay, and is the terminus of the Kaslo and Slocan R. R. It is situated on bench-land adjoining the lake, and is the residential town of the surrounding section of country, the climate being mild in winter, snow very seldom remaining over a few hours at a time. The corps here is quite young, but already it has given evidence that it has the true Army spirit, and souls are being born into the Kingdom, to the joy of Capt. Quant and Lieut. Noble, who are holding the fort.

Revelstoke.

Revelstoke, the next corps, is about 180 miles north of Nelson, and is reached either by railroad or steamboat, being situated on the main line of the C. P. R. But no matter which way you go when you reach Revelstoke you will find a Salvation Army corps, a real live one. Opened last March by Capt. Bailey and Lieut. Meredith, they have succeeded in surrounding themselves by a fine body of soldiers, from amongst whose ranks there is already one candidate for the work. The citizens highly appreciate the efforts of the officers, and generously give of their substance to push the Gospel chariot along. The city is a long straggling affair, really consisting of two towns, which makes it rather difficult to concentrate effort.

Returning down the Columbia River, we come to Brooklyn, 135 miles from Revelstoke. This is the home of Bro. Parker, one of the many walfs and strays who have wandered into the Nelson barracks this year and found peace and pardon.

Bro. Parker has followed prospecting amongst the Kootenay mountains for many years, until he became penniless and disheartened. In that condition he was led to the Cross of Calvary, and began the battle of life again under new conditions. Some time previous to this he had settled on a piece of government land on the banks of the Columbia, and shortly after his conversion, the contractors of the Robson and Pentleton R. R. desired the site as a base of supplies, and in a few weeks the town of Brooklyn took the place of the virgin forest, and Bro. Parker became proprietor of a rich town site.

Rossland.

Continuing down the Columbia 16 miles, Robson is reached, where the train is taken for Rossland, 30 miles distant, passing on the way the city of Trail, where most of the ore from this section is smelted. Rossland is a city of about 5,000 inhabitants, built high on the shoulders of the mountain and the centre of an exceedingly rich mineral section. The Le Roi Mine, one of the richest in the world, being close to the city limits.

The corps at Rossland, which is the oldest one in the District, is in charge of Capt. Burton and Lieut. Myers. It is in excellent condition and has been instrumental in leading many into liberty from lives of sin and shame during the past year. The people warmly sympathize with the work, and, if a suitable building could be obtained, much larger audiences would attend and a consequent widening of Army influence result. Such a condition is much to be desired since there are so many hundreds of young men, many of them fresh from the pure atmosphere of godly homes, who are daily led to resort to saloons and other abiding places of the devil.

ZERO.

NELSON, B.C., BRASS BAND.



Bandsmen Monroe, Young, Hartwig, Fleetham, Brown, Frost, Capt. Gooding, Adj. Milner, Dixon.

Our Platform.

The Manliness of Weeping.

By BRIGADIER WILMER.

"Jesus wept."—John xi. 35.

How we have all degenerated! What false conceptions, what pigmy ideas we have of men and things! Sin stunts everything. Where on earth does the ascent of man come in if grace is left out.

Of course pugilistic ability is manly. The football fields develop manhood. The Boys' Brigade, with its quasi-military tactics, is for the promotion of a healthy manhood. Bah! We have shunted into a siding; we have left the rails of sterling manhood—at any rate after the pattern of Jesus of Nazareth. He had the courage to weep. His foundations of manly sympathy burst at the sight of sorrow. It awed the crowd, silenced the sceptic, and refreshed the mourners. It was like the gentle shower which heralded the grand truth of the Resurrection. His tears not only implied sympathy, but majesty and divinity. Had He been merely human and only apeing the divine, He would never have wept. It might have evinced weakness and lessened the grandeur of His reputation, but Jesus, being Jesus, "wept."

And yet these tears also testified to His humanity, and by them sanctified human sorrow. Sorrow may be the twilight of death, but it surely precedes the glad moment when His hand, His blessed, pierced hand, will wipe all tears away and remove all cause for them.

But the weeping of Jesus was no justification for a weak-kneed, snivelling Christianity. To weep like He wept, we must possess a vigorous, healthy, manly Salvationism, which, thank God, you can kneel and get to-night. An absolute giving up of all, a distinct receiving of a baptism of the love of Calvary, and your tears and tenderness shall soften a parched, hard world.

Yes, He is mine! and nought of earthly things,

Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power, The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,

Could tempt me to forego His love and hour.

"Go! worthless world!" I cry, "with all that's thine

Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine."

Shelter in the Klondike.

The "Klondike Nugget," published in Dawson City, contains in its issue dated August 31st, the following:

A Salvation Army Shelter.

The Salvation Army is bent upon doing all in its power to relieve the distress which is inevitable the coming winter amongst those of our people who are unprovided for, and who will not be able to get employment. The Salvation Army has about completed its barracks, and is now engaged on the plans of what is usually called a "Shelter." It will consist of a substantial log building 20 x 40 feet, and will have accommodation for from 30 to 60 people. The Army has no great fund to draw upon, and therefore the institution will have to be made self-supporting in a large measure. One of the methods to be employed is to conduct a wood yard in connection and for this purpose certain concessions have been secured from the Government. The object is not to give all-winter work to anyone, but to bridge over the shorter periods of distress which come to so many in a country like this. The cause is a most worthy one, and we hope the hand of sympathy will be extended in a helping way by our charitably inclined citizens. A bureau of employment will also be run in connection.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our various Rescue Homes. The Field Commissioner will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following addresses:—

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 616 Yonge St. [Ave. LONDON S. Ont.,—Staff Captain Cowan, Riverview St. John, N. B.—Adjutant Jost 65 Elliot St. MONTREAL.—Adjutant Holman, 243 St. Antoine St. HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis St. OTTAWA.—Adjutant McDonald, 766 Wellington St. St. JOHN, Nfld.—Ensign Tovey, 26 Cook St. HAMILTON.—Adjutant Jordan, 119 Wentworth St. SPOKANE, Wash.—Adj. Langtry, 732 Fourth Ave. HELENA, Mont.—Adj. Walton, 532 Breckinridge St. WINNIPEG Man.—Mrs Major Jewer, 486 Yonge St.

—OR TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT ST., TORONTO.



The General's recent meetings at Chesterfield and Cardiff have been a blazing success; crowded houses, unequalled enthusiasm, and 178 souls at the penitent form are the grand results registered. A touching incident was the presentation of a chair to the General by past inmates of the Cardiff Rescue Home.

The General's Australasian tour will begin in January, and his return to London will be somewhere near the latter end of June.

Colonel Sturgess is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Colonel Musa Bhai, Territorial Officer of South India, is in England on furlough; he has only just recovered from a serious breakdown in health.

The General's Missionary Tea League appears to be thriving; twenty Salvationists are employed in the Missionary Tea Warehouse.

The wave of persecution of the S. A. recently started in England, is continuing. Eastburne has come to the front again; our officer in charge has been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for street-singing, under an old act. It is a clear case of prejudice of the magistrate against the Salvation Army, he giving the maximum fine permissible by the act.

Another case has just been heard of from Nottingham. The Ensign in charge has been summoned to appear for obstruction.

Major Spooner's mother has been called higher. On the same day on which she died her Harvest Festival gift to the corps was laid on the altar.

The village vans in use now have proved so successful that their work will be continued, and three more have been ordered.



The Consul's Western Tour has commenced, and will include before it finishes the following places: Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Fort Rome and Los Angeles. She will return to New York about Dec. 10th.

The Harvest Festival Effort throughout the United States reached the grand total of \$26,000, Chicago 1. leading with \$421.

Brigadier and Mrs. Halpin have fared well from National Headquarters to take charge of the Midwestern Chief Division, with Headquarters at Minneapolis.

One hundred Cadets have received their Officers' Commission during the month of October.

The Commander has dedicated a fine new property, costing \$17,000, as a Divisional Headquarters in Kansas City. The building will contain Divisional Headquarters, a large hall, seating 700 people, a Men's Shelter, and other rooms for dwelling purposes. The entire sum required for the purchase of the land and the erection of the building has been furnished by the Armour Packing Co. We pay 6½ percent on the whole as rent.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has donated \$5 towards the Harvest Festival of the Newport corps. "That gentleman," our informant adds, "was always an interested listener to Lieut. Densmore's open-air meeting." We hope that gentleman got blessed.



A great legal victory has been won by Commissioner McKie. For some time the disturbers of our meetings have, in one or two places been able to go free of punishment on the ground that they claimed the Army was not a religious society. Recently a man who disturbed our meeting at Tisit was sentenced by the local authorities to two months imprisonment. He appealed to the Reichsgericht (Court of the Empire) on the ground that the S. A. was no religious

society. The highest court, however, decided that "the Salvation Army is one of the religious societies existing in the State," which decision cannot be altered by any other court, and will greatly help us in preserving order in places where the unruly element has had much sway in the past.

Commissioner McKie has re-opened number two corps of Koenigsberg with great success, and a large number of seekers at the penitent form.



The Commissioner and the Chief Secretary were hard at it in the Transvaal for several days after their arrival from Bloemfontein. On Wednesday officers' meetings were held at Fordsburg, and on Thursday the C. S. lectured in the Y. M. C. A. Hall at Johannesburg on "The Salvation Army Round the World."

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, laid the foundation stone of a new barracks to be built at Bloemfontein. Commissioner Ridsdel conducted some most successful meetings in connection with it. Three or four languages were used in the meetings by different soldiers.

Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdel is still busy with a tour of Rescue Demonstrations.

year, has very kindly granted a handsome donation towards the upkeep of this work, which has made encouraging improvement in its mission of rescuing the fallen and helping the destitute and criminal to a life of hope and honest livelihood.

Major Abdul Aziz, P. O. for the North-West Territory of India, has arrived in England. It is eight years since he visited this country last. This time he appears with Mrs. Abdul.



Commandant and Mrs. Booth have opened the new Preventive Home for Children, at Brunswick.

The dates of the Australasian Self-Denial Week were October 15 to 21.

Mrs. Booth has now fully recovered from her recent illness, and is arranging a tour in the interest of the Rescue Work; she will use the limelight very extensively in illustrating that branch of our work.

The Commandant has acquired a valuable property for Social purposes at Adelaide.

The Corps Cadet Brigade has been launched in a very promising manner. The Commandant had 41 Corps Cadets

at Negril. While journeying from Negril to Delveland one of the front wheels of his buggy collapsed, which caused some delay, as the nearest wheels were at Sav la Mar.

Ensign and Mrs. Simons have arrived from England as reinforcement for the West Indian War.

Several officers are down sick with the fever, which, as a rule finds out every stranger's weak point.

Certain harvesting. If you sow to the Spirit you shall reap life everlasting.

A certainty—"A man's pride shall bring him low." Give no place then to the leveling sin.

"He (God) remembereth that we are dust." Do you also remember it when your fellow-man stumbleth?



The Territorial Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

Will visit the following places in the

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE:

PORT ARTHUR, Thursday, Nov. 3.
RAT PORTAGE, Friday, Nov. 4.
WINNIPEG, Saturday to Wednesday, Nov. 5 to 9.
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Thursday, November 10.
CARBERRY, Friday, November 11.
BRANDON, Saturday and Sunday, November, 12, 13.
REGINA, Monday, November 14.
CALGARY, Wednesday, November 16.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Pugmire's Proposed Tour

Carleton, Friday, Nov. 4th. (Soldiers' Meeting.)
St. John I., Sunday, Nov. 6th, Monday, Nov. 7th (United Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Fredericton, Wednesday, Nov. 9th. (United Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Mrs. Pugmire will accompany the Brigadier to the above places.
Yarmouth, Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12th and 13th.
Windsor, Monday, Nov. 14th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Halifax I., Tuesday, Nov. 15th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Springhill, Wednesday, Nov. 16th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Moncton, Thursday, Nov. 17th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Newcastle, Friday, Nov. 18th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)

Major Collier will Visit:

Summerside, Tuesday, Nov. 8th.
Charlottetown, Wednesday, Nov. 9th.
New Glasgow, Thursday, Nov. 10th. (United Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
North Sydney, Friday, Nov. 11th.
Glace Bay, Saturday, Nov. 12th.
Sydney, Sunday, Nov. 13th.
North Sydney, Monday, Nov. 14th.
Officers and soldiers pray for these gatherings.

G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Bonner, Nov. 1; Phillipsbury, Nov. 2; New Chicago, Nov. 3; Helena, Nov. 5, 6, 7; Clancy, Nov. 8; Wicks, Nov. 9; Boulder, Nov. 10; Basin, 11; Butte, Nov. 12, 13, 14.

ENSIGN LEWIS.—Pearceton, Nov. 1, 2; Montreal, Nov. 3-7; Kemptville, Nov. 9; Ottawa, Nov. 10, 11; Arnprior, Nov. 12; Pembroke, Nov. 14; Renfrew, Nov. 15; Perth, Nov. 16.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Port Lambton, Nov. 3; Sarnia, Nov. 4; Petrolia, Nov. 5, 6; Glenray, Nov. 7; Wyoming, Nov. 8; Forest, Nov. 9; Thedford, Nov. 10; Watford, Nov. 11; Strathroy, Nov. 12, 13.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Sussex, Nov. 5, 6; Hillsboro, Nov. 7; Currysburg, Nov. 8, 9; Sussex, Nov. 10; Freeport, Nov. 11-15; Word's Harbor, Nov. 17; West Head, Nov. 18; Clark's Harbor, Nov. 19, 20; Yarmouth, Nov. 21.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Dundas, Nov. 5, 6; Bronte, Nov. 7; Oakville, Nov. 8; Aurora, Nov. 10; Holland Landing, Nov. 11; Newmarket, Nov. 12, 13; Stroud, Nov. 14; Barrie, Nov. 15, 16.



SUMMONED FOR OBSTRUCTION.

(See news from Great Britain)



Commissioner Higgins is in good health and is spending a month in the South Indian Territory, inspecting the work and giving special attention to business affairs, in the absence of Colonel Musa Bhai, who is in England.

The cattle murrain is at present prevailing in Ceylon, and has broken out amongst our cattle and in our dairy. This is a great loss to our people there.

Major Prabhu Das has just concluded a Candidates' Boom in Ceylon, and 27 young people have been drafted into the Training Home as a result. The J. S. war has also been re-started with a good deal of success.

A Red Cross Sunday has been held throughout the North Indian Territory with gratifying success, the object of this effort being to raise funds for the Sick and Wounded, Nursing, Medical and Rescue Work.

The following is an extract from the "Ceylon Standard," of August 16th:
THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF CEYLON
AND THE SALVATION ARMY
SOCIAL WORK.

The Chief Justice, Sir Winfield Bonser, after having examined the working of the Salvation Army in Ceylon for the past

on the platform at the public meeting in which he handed certificates of acceptance to the first batch of these future officers.

Extensive alterations and additions have been made to our Melbourne Headquarters in order to give more accommodation to the increasing departments, especially the Printing and Tea Departments.

Our work in Java is going ahead in a most encouraging fashion. Poerworedjo, our latest opening, has thirty converts.

Ensign Van Ennerick, our pioneer to the Island, had an interview with the Governor, who evinced much sympathy and gave a donation of \$20 for the work.

Staff-Capt. Brouwer, of Java, while on his bicycle in search for a building was attacked by two buffaloes, who took objections to his red coat. He scorched, fortunately, with sufficient speed to escape being gored.



Brigadier Rolfe, of Jamaica, is on a five weeks' tour. At Savanna la Mar he had fourteen souls and enrolled nine soldiers. He reports that the corps is much improved. He enrolled nine more



His blood can make the
Vilest clean



LETHBRIDGE, N. W. T.—One soul in the Fountain Sunday night.—Yours faithfully, Mandus Rosine, R. C.

TRINITY, Nfld.—Harvest Festival over. Reached our target. We are going on to conquer.—H. Harris, Capt.

BERLIN.—Capt. and Mrs. O'Neil with us yesterday. Good time. A few souls have been out since last report.

COLLINGWOOD.—One dear man who has been in great distress of soul came out on Sunday.—William Clark, C. C.

HESPELER.—Visited by Ensign Otaway. Three soldiers' meetings last week. War Crys all sold.—W. H. R. C.

HALIFAX I.—Crowds are increasing. On Sunday one soul for the blessing, and three at night for pardon. Praise God! —Treas. Casbin.

MOOSE JAW.—Capt. Pearce at home on rest. Lieut. Bainleg farewelling for Lethbridge. Things in general fairly good.—J. C. Middagh, R. C.

REVELSTOKE.—Lieut. Meredith has farewelled. She has labored steadfastly here in our midst. Her farewell was an impressive one.—Bro. S. Smith.

MONTREAL II.—Tuesday night we had a soldiers' tea. We had a real good time. Sunday all day, good times. One soul got saved at night.—W. G. R. C.

WINDSOR.—Last week-end Ensign Collier was with us, and at the close of Sunday's meetings three souls had claimed deliverance through the Blood.—Fred Burton, Capt.

LISTOWEL.—Capt. McCutcheon returned from his rest looking better. Yesterday's meetings were well attended, and we wound up at night with one soul in the Fountain.

VALLEY CITY.—Ensign Cummins with us two days. Good time. Lantern Service, "The daughter of a King," just splendid. One soul since last report.—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

ORILLIA.—Since last report we have seen four souls kneeling at the foot of the Cross, two for the blessing of a clear heart, and two for salvation.—A. J. C., Reg. Cor.

FARGO.—Major McMillan led the meetings Sunday, and we rejoiced that three souls sought salvation. Glory to God! Major and all the officers of the State are here for a few days.—M. H. S., Reg. Cor.

MINOT, N. D.—Had Ensign Cummins with us for three meetings. Good times, good crowds, finances good. Praise God forever! Two precious souls saved since last report.—A. Graham, Capt., B. Clark, Lieut.

KENTVILLE.—We arrived here a few weeks ago. We are changing our Sunday School from Sunday morning to Sunday afternoon. We are believing for larger attendance.—Lieut. S. E. Dawson, for Capt. Magee.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—Glorious time at outpost, also good week-end. One young woman gave her heart to God Sunday night. Ensign Sims' Lantern Service and meetings much appreciated.—Young and McNaney.

BONAVISTA, Nfld.—The heavenly gales are blowing. The past week has been a week of victory. Soldiers' and holiness meetings have been times of blessing, also two souls have professed to find salvation. Glory to God!—E. Brace, Capt.

PICTON.—We have got in a barracks on Maine St., known as Congress Hall. Everyone who knows Picton will say this is a good hit. Old friends are coming back. Crowds good all day Sunday. Man and wife at the feet of Jesus Sunday night.—S. Blackburn, Adj.

WOODSTOCK, Ont.—We have had a visit from Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips. God bless them. Mrs. Ensign Wakefield has, by God's power, love and grace, been

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—In the midst of the cold weather, rain and snow, we are neither frozen up or washed away, but are hard at work in pursuit of the enemy, and have captured three more prisoners since last report, who are now turning their guns on the devil.—J. C. H.

LAKEFIELD.—After three months fighting in the open-air, we have captured a building 15 x 26 feet for a barracks, which we are going to open for the salvation of souls on Saturday, the 22nd. Our building will be lighted with electric light and well heated, and we believe for a lot of souls this winter.

KINGSTON.—On Monday evening Rev. Dr. Evans, of New York, gave us a lecture on his trip to the Holy Land. It was indeed a treat for all present. Sunday night no one yielded until 10:30, but the comrades stuck to the fight well, and before we closed we had the joy of seeing three precious souls.—Adj. D. F. McAmmond.

HARBOR GRACE.—We had Captain Norman with us for two days last week. Fine meetings, two souls saved. Good meetings all day Sunday, two backsliders came home in the afternoon. Memorial service at night for our departed sister, Margaret French. Very impressive, one poor wanderer returned to her Father's house.—J. W., Reg. Cor.

WALLACEBURG.—Mrs. Major Cooper who has been here for some three months, said farewell on Sunday, and went home to see her brother, Rev. M. Crosby, whom she has not seen for ten years, also Lieut. Peers goes to Bothwell, and one of our best soldiers, Brother Thompson, went to the Garrison, so I am left pretty much alone. The farewell meeting was a very impressive time. The crowd was the largest that has been at the barracks for some time.

After the meeting had closed, a number of the unsaved boys and girls sang, "Shall we meet beyond the river?"—Lieut. Pickle.

BURIN, Nfld.—Since last you heard from us we have had souls saved and our barracks painted inside. Some of our unsaved friends of Great Burin and Foot's Island came and helped the comrades to paint the barracks. They helped us both in money and work. We are getting things under weigh for spiritual work now, after all the busy summer.—Capt. L. England.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Backsliders are returning home and four souls this week. Dear Capt. Barker and her Lieutenant are farewelling. War Crys all sold out. I have heard the enlargement highly spoken of by outsiders. I have been a constant reader myself for over ten years, and would not like to have to do without it.—G. Marshall.

HALIFAX II.—Had a good day on Sunday. Afternoon meeting led by Adj. McGillivray, and half hour good council after. Ensign Beckstead assisted at night, also our two boys from H. M. S. "Renown. Fire a volley for "Little Jim," who has got promoted since leaving here three weeks ago. God bless them. War Crys all sold.—G. P. Thompson.

REGINA.—Treas. Kerr, of Great Falls, Pacific Province, paid us a visit. He used to be an old citizen. Many were surprised to see that he had become a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. Many comrades will be sorry to hear of the misfortune that has befallen Sergt.-Major Peasnell, who is section foreman on the Prince Albert Branch, having all destroyed by fire. We are very thankful to God that he and his family are safe and proving the wonderful power of the One they love and serve.—Geo. Gamble, R. C.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Several officers have been with us on furlough—Lieut. McLeod, Lieut. Eliza Meikle, Lieut. Doyle, Capt. Edith Price and Capt. and Mrs. Fred Knight. How glad we have been to see them all. Brothers Windsor and Pennay, from Barbours, were also here for a week-end, cheering us with song and testimony. Adj. Creighton is far from well.—H.

SOCIAL FARM.—At Tuesday's meeting two things happened. One young man was converted, and \$27.75 was raised by the colonists for Adj. Dodd's travelling expenses when he farewells. Two soldiers made it to \$20, and other neighbors have made it \$34, and it may be considerably more by next Friday, when that farewell is to come off. Hallelujah! —C. C. Gooda.

BARRIE.—Adj. Byers has returned from a much-needed rest, and we are pleased to report that he is much better in every way for it. Since his return seven souls have also returned to God and sought salvation, and seven more have sought the blessing of a clean heart. Soldiers on fire, good spirit in meetings, deep conviction on every hand, and the devil mad. We are under farewell orders.—J. Capper, Lieut.

LEWISTON, Idaho.—We have just said good-bye to our officers, Capt. Miller and Lieut. Knell, who have been with us a few months. The fight during the summer months has been hard, yet God has rewarded them with victory. The farewell meeting Sunday night was well filled with an attentive audience. Captain spoke, filled with power and spirit. We were greatly blessed. Sinners convicted.

NEWMARKET.—Last Sunday afternoon and evening we had with us four colored ministers, from the land across the border, who were attending the Christian Convention here. They did fine service and we had large crowds. On Wednesday evening we were favored with a visit from Adj. Byers, Barrie, and Capt. Palling, of Aurora. Captain Williams accompanied the Adjutant to Aurora Friday evening.—W. C. O., Aux.

PARIS.—The Galt band boys came over to give us a lift on Saturday and Sunday. The night meeting capped all. The open-air seemed to attract the people, and shortly after the band got inside the building was nearly full. The boys did not spare themselves, but went in with all their strength to do something for God. The band deserves much credit for their beautiful playing and the spirit in which they play.—Wm. McLaughlin, Reg. Cor.

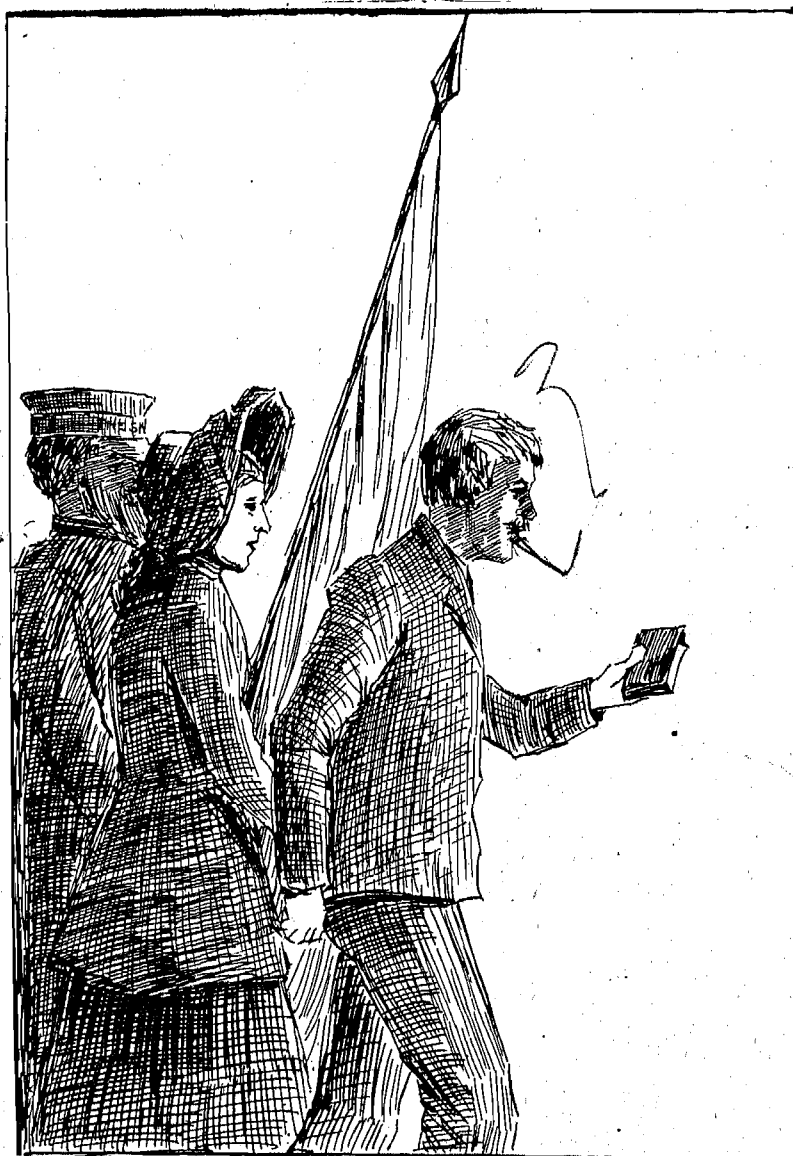
GRAVENHURST.—We had the joy of welcoming Lieut. Litter to our corps Monday, but we were also very sorry to lose Lieut. Northcott, on the 12th inst., who has fought so bravely with us. Week-end meetings led by Mrs. Ensign Attwell, and Monday night accompanied by the Ensign. We had a lovely time. After the meeting we had a very successful farewell social for the Ensign and his wife. We had the joy of seeing five souls in the Fountain last week.—F. T., Cor.

MONTREAL I.—On Thursday last the League of Mercy were in charge of the meeting. Mrs. Synington conducted the meeting. There were about ten of the League of Mercy members present, who spoke regarding the League of Mercy work. Sergt. E. Gatehouse, Sister Mrs. Smith, Bro. Matrom Wier sang solos, also Adj. Robert, of the French corps, sang a solo in French. On Saturday night Bandsmen Goodale and Scruton were in charge. The subject of the meeting was, "A modern prodigal."—C. H., R. C.

The Central Chief at St. Catharines.

(Special.)

Our new P. O's, Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, lovingly and heartily welcomed on Saturday night. Enthusiasm ran high. Sunday all day good crowds, good collections and three souls forward. Monday night the Brigadier's famous lecture, "Queer fish and how they're caught," immensely enjoyed and ap-



Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

Southall's Seagram Swiftly Speeding and Leading — Bennett's Mag Follows
Still as Second—Gaskin's Nigger in Need of Oats—The Eastern Star
Once Again Rises to Prominence — North-West Steadily Gain-
ing—There are Still Others, but do not Ask Where!

Facts speak more eloquently than Harry's notes. Look at the list and behold the noble West-Ontarian still well in the front. His hustlers show up really the best of any, for they show the highest sales as individuals. Go it! West Ontario, more power to your Hustlers. We are right glad to be able to give a photo of one of the W. O. P. War Cry Brigades in this issue.

This reminds me, all officers and soldiers will please note:—The Editor would be pleased to receive photos of boomers and War Cry Brigades, as many as you like to send. They shall appear in the Hustlers' page in due time. All photos which have written on the back of it the name of the sender or owner, and the words, "Please return," shall be returned promptly, as soon as a cut has been made of the photo. Come now, busy Hustlers, and let us have a deluge of boomers' photos.

Honor to whom honor is due! Bennett has persistently and steadily increased in his Hustlers' list, and it appears as if he is going to hold his place as second, anyway. I would hardly dare to say that he will overtake Southall, since that gentleman is thirteen ahead of him, but you can never tell what will happen—and it is at any rate within the reach of possibility, that East Ontario may yet be on the very top. "Let us hope for the best and prepare for the worst" is a very convenient passage to quote here.

Here he comes! Behold him, but don't sneer. He has been the sole occupant of the top for many weeks, and though he has now taken place number three in the hustlers honor roll, yet he is a mighty man, and may yet in some grim revel raise his strong hand to smite the host of the others—but I am premature, his Nigger wants some long oats, and he'll be all right again for another race.

What is the light breaking in the East? Is it the Eastern Star rising once more in splendor?—fifty hustlers. No, don't sneeze, because they are blue-noses. Just wait, they will give you something to ponder over yet, or else I have wrongly understood the look of blood in Major Collier's eye—my!

The North-West is showing most encouraging signs of budding life. Thirty-six is a splendid showing. Congratulations, frater McMillan. I should not be at all surprised, but that the late councils will help greatly in increasing the enthusiasm amongst the officers.

There are others, as we have said on different occasions, but we can only give them another passage for comfort: "Grit and bear it."

We cannot close without drawing attention to the appearance of the Klondike Expedition in the Hustlers' column. Harry joyfully welcomes them, and well they show off—one hustler with 200 sales, out of seven officers, isn't bad, I think. Go ahead, Klondike and send us a sample nugget for exhibition in the Editorial Office.

READ CAREFULLY THE TWO HUSTLERS' REPORTS AND LEARN FROM IT.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

77 Hustlers.

LIEUT. E. M. HOCKIN, Brantford ..	269
CAPT. HELLMAN, London ..	247
SERGT.-MAJOR MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock ..	227
ENSIGN COLLETT, Brantford ..	215
Ensign Ottaway Guelph ..	130
Sister J. Smith, Stratford ..	119
Lieut. N. Horwood, Sarnia ..	115
Capt. Huntington, Stratford ..	113
Mrs. Sergt.-Major Rock, Chatham ..	105
Cand. L. Ringler, Ridgetown ..	100
Lieut. Fyfe, Petrolia ..	87
Capt. Mathers, Guelph ..	80
Sister H. Erb, Berlin ..	80
Lieut. Bonney, Bothwell ..	80
Capt. Hollett, Norwich ..	75
Capt. Cockeill, Forest ..	75
Capt. A. D. Slote, Ingersoll ..	75
Sergt. A. Yeomans, Chatham ..	75
Sergt. E. Dearling, Hespeler ..	70
Ensign Scott, Galt ..	70
Sister J. Robinson, Windsor ..	63

Ensign Gamble, Petrolia ..	65
Ensign Dean Hespeler ..	60
Adj. C. Combs, London ..	60
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton ..	60
Lieut. Slizer, Leamington ..	60
Lieut. J. D. Bond, Amherstburg ..	60
Sister D. Bond, Wingham ..	58
Capt. Patterson, Galt ..	56
Lieut. Mumford, Palmerston ..	50
Sergt.-Major M. Wilson, Tilbury ..	50
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas ..	50
Sergt.-Major McDougall, Goderich ..	50
Adj. Brindley, Goderich ..	50
Ensign Bale, Seaford ..	46
Lieut. Coreman, Clinton ..	41
Sergt. Scott, Guelph ..	45
Sister M. Shuster, Berlin ..	45
Capt. Stephens, Stratford ..	44
Lieut. Can, Dresden ..	41
Capt. F. Heater, Wyoming ..	41
Sergt. F. Palmer, London ..	41
Lieut. Winter, Goderich ..	40
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas ..	40
Lieut. Beach, Seaford ..	40
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll ..	37

Mrs. McQuinn, Benham ..	37
Sergt.-Major M. Allen, Michell ..	35
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville ..	35
Sergt. Love, Seaford ..	35
Capt. McDonald, Bayfield ..	35
Sister Rumble, Pleham ..	31
Capt. H. L. Y. Essex ..	31
Sergt. G. Craft, Chatham ..	31
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London ..	30
Cand. A. Carley, Ridgetown ..	30
Capt. Cee, Essex ..	28
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor ..	27
Cand. S. Masey, Chatham ..	27
Lieut. Burrows, Paris ..	25
Ensign Raynor, Paris ..	25
Mrs. Close, Brantford ..	25
Capt. Dowell, Tilbury ..	15
Cand. McLeod, Ridgetown ..	25
Sergt. Mrs. Coveat, London ..	25
Mrs. Cutting, Essex ..	23
Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham ..	23
Sister Lottie Cannon, Ingersoll ..	22
Sister Eva Simpson, Guelph ..	22
Ensign Allen, Dresden ..	20
Bro. Geo. Cooper, Clinton ..	21
Mrs. C. Kell, Palmerston ..	10
Capt. Pynn, Chatham ..	20
Alfie Pinnell, London ..	20
Sister G. Rile, Cheeseman, London ..	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

64 Hustlers.

Ensign Walker, Belleville ..	160
Capt. Green, Brockville ..	10

A MODEL BOOMER'S RETURN.

Boomtown, Oct. 1st, 1898.

WAR CRY HUSTLERS, Boomtown—

Virtue Jones ..	130
Minnie Brown ..	100
John Goodenough ..	75
Eddie Couldbetter ..	25
Paul Starter ..	20

YOUNG SOLDIER BOOMERS, Boomtown—

Grace Darling ..	58
Ruth Dumbing ..	45
Faith Finder ..	23

William Weary.

(The above written on a postcard and addressed to the Editor, S. A. Temp's, Toronto.)

A MOTTLED BOOMER'S RETURN.

Mixupton, Oct. 1st, 1898.

To the Editor:—

Dear Editor:—

I am pleased to be able to send you the names of two boomers from this place, this week, as follows: Minnie Brown sold thirty for one week. Virtue Jones sold twenty for one week, also one of the J. Soldiers sold twenty-six Y. S. for two weeks and thirteen for two weeks. I am also sending the photo of — (Here follows more business.)

The above is an exact copy of the letter received, only the names have been changed. Compare the two reports and help us to make up the long list of boomers as quickly as possible, by reporting as shown in the model report.—Harry Hustler.



PETROLIA WAR CRY BRIGADE.

Our Cry Brigade is not very large, as far as numbers are concerned, but we are large in our love for the Cry. We each have our district and, single handed, work it.

Now, there is little Frankie Mann, the second in the group. He has sold Crys for nearly a year regularly every week. His district is termed the Marthaville side-road. He is training himself for officership. Then there is Joseph Churchill, the fourth in the picture, a thorough Salvationist who loves everything connected with the Army. He is a well-saved little lad and works the district known as Pitt-Hole, so called on account of the many oil-pits there. May the Cry be the means of making it "Little Heaven." In the centre is Bro. Mac Curry, a convert of last winter's S. G. Every week he shoulders twenty War Crys and

boomer and still love the dear old S. A. The first lassie, Lieut. Fyfe, is a worker and does not mind walking all day with her War Cys. The east end of Petrolia claims her exclusively. Every boy and girl there knows her, and greets her cheerily on her appearance with the Cry. She loves them, too, and well they know it. May God bless Petrolia's brave Lieutenant.

Last on the picture is your humble servant, S. E. Ottaway. She takes the business portion of the town, and well knows not only the regular customers, but the chance ones, and not only knows them, but loves and prays for them, for love begets love. They love the Army and Cry, so it is an easy matter to love them. They're not all saved yet. May God hasten the time when they shall love God with all their hearts, and may God strengthen and keep those who are His.

Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston ..	114
Capt. Ward, Montreal II ..	104
Sergt. Jerkins, Barre, Vt. ..	10
Lieut. Latimer, Irichton ..	98
Ensign Parker, Quebec ..	97
Capt. Crego, Sunbury ..	94
Lieut. Burtch, Newport ..	83
Lieut. Butcher, Cornwall ..	83
Lieut. N. Young, St. Johnsbury, Vt. ..	81
Capt. N. McNaney, St. Johnsbury, Vt. ..	8
Bro. Geo. Barritt, Montreal I ..	71
Capt. French, Peterboro ..	70
Lieut. Woods, Napanee ..	61
Capt. Nyland, Odessa ..	66
Sert. Rodgers, Montreal I ..	65
Lieut. Dawson, Kemptville ..	65
Lieut. Sleeth, Morrisburg ..	60
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Picton ..	57
Capt. Maybee, Kemptville ..	55
Capt. Williams, Pembroke ..	55
Lieut. Williams, Pembroke ..	55
Mrs. Capt. Beuchel, Trenton ..	52
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro ..	50
Sister Richea, Montreal IV ..	50
Capt. Hill, Port Hope ..	10
Lieut. N. Bacon, Port Hope ..	10
Capt. Blackburn, Picton ..	61
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston ..	47
Capt. Comstock, Morrisburg ..	45
Adj. Bradley, Cornwall ..	41
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro ..	40
Capt. Banks, Barre, Vt. ..	40
Mrs. Barber, Kingston ..	40
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville ..	40
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville ..	40
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto ..	36
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto ..	31
Adj. McAmmond, Kingston ..	32
Bro. H. M. Donald, Sunbury ..	30
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I ..	30
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV ..	30
Capt. Norman, Napanee ..	31
Mrs. Miller, Lakefield ..	30
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield ..	30
Sergt.-Major Douglas, Cornwall ..	28
Sister N. Brown, Montreal I ..	24
Sister Hayes, Napanee ..	26
Capt. Batten, Boomfield ..	25
Sister Suddard, Kingston ..	15
Mrs. Scott, Peterboro ..	21
Adj. Wiseman, Barre, Vt. ..	21
Mrs. Dine, Kingston ..	21
Sister B. McManney, Kingston ..	12
Sister M. Crozier, Montreal ..	22
Sister I. Fulford, Bigh on ..	10
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II ..	21
Mrs. Sturmeay, Picton ..	20
Sister L. Phelps, Picton ..	20
Bro. J. Almark, Sunbury ..	10
Mrs. McDonald, Sunbury ..	20
Bro. Kelly, Sunbury ..	20
Bro. A. McDonald, Sunbury ..	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

56 Hustlers.

Ensign Fox, St. Catharines ..	115
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound ..	91
Ensign Jonce, Bowmanville ..	80
Capt. Clink, Collingwood ..	64
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood ..	64
Lieut. Wadge, Riverside ..	60
Capt. W. White, Faversham ..	60
Capt. Palling, Aurora ..	55
Cadet Churchill, Richmond St. ..	51
Capt. Creamer, Midland ..	51
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Bone, Barrie ..	51
Ensign H. Cameron, Riverside ..	49
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St. ..	49
Bro. Case, Hamilton I ..	40
Sergt.-Major Beall, St. Catharines ..	47
Lieut. Copper, Barrie ..	46
Sister L. Pollard, Oakville ..	41
Lieut. Jackson, Oshawa ..	45
Capt. Stollker, Riverside ..	42
Sergt.-Major Bowler, Lisgar St. ..	41
Cadet Levitt, Richmond St. ..	40
Capt. Hanna, Hamilton II ..	41
Capt. Nelson, Gravenhurst ..	41
Cadet Cook, Lippincott ..	37
Sister M. Jones, Hamilton I ..	35
Mother Gilbert, Bowmanville ..	31
Chas. C. Gola, Social Farm ..	24
Capt. McCallan, Oshawa ..	34
Cadet Crawford, Lippincott ..	33
Sergt. A. Stickells, Lisgar St. ..	31
Capt. Jones, Brampton ..	29
Lieut. Maeks, Huntsville ..	28
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton ..	28
Capt. McDougall, Orillia ..	27
Cadet Edwards, Richmond St. ..	27
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott ..	26
Lieut. McLennan, Orillia ..	25
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Dyker, Orillia ..	25
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I ..	25
Sister H. Peard, St. Catharines ..	25
Sergt. Gray, Midland ..	25
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville ..	25
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I ..	24
Capt. Hart, Lisgar St. ..	24
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville ..	22
Cadet Bone, Lippincott ..	22
Father Curry, Hamilton II ..	22
Bro. Wm. Stevens, Riverside ..	21
Bro. Slanton, Hamilton I ..	21
Capt. Barker, Bracebridge ..	21
Lieut. Dales, Bracebridge ..	20
Bro. Calvert, Bracebridge ..	20
Sergt. M. Stickells, Lisgar St. ..	20
Capt. Rowe, Yorkville ..	20
Sister T. Matthews, Hamilton II ..	20
Cadet Cooper, Lippincott ..	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

50 Hustlers.

Sergt. M. Smith, Windsor ..	181
Cadet Taylor, St. John I ..	178
Sergt.-Major Veno, Halifax II ..	110
Cand. D. Long, Picton (av. 2 wks) ..	108
Bro. J. Kelley, St. Georges, Per. (av. 2 wks) ..	108

Capt. Brehant, St. John I.	100
Capt. Mrs. Thompson, St. Stephen	80
Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay	80
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Capt. Green, St. John I.	60
Sister M. Graham, Halifax I.	67
Capt. Hayman, Halifax I.	65
Bro. Geo. Wambolt, Halifax I.	59
Sister Susie Ledans, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	55
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock	51
Lieut. Davies, Canning	53
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	52
Sergt. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Bro. Read, St. John I.	50
Bro. J. Bartram, St. Georges, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	50
Sergt. Moore, Windsor	50
Lieut. Meagle, Hillsboro	50
Capt. A. Hutt, Sussex	46
Lieut. Miller, Annapolis	45
Lieut. L. Sell, Carleton	40
Lieut. Gray, Houlton, Me.	40
Sister C. Conrad, Halifax I.	37
Capt. Pierce, Houlton, Me.	36
Sergt. J. Irons, Windsor	31
Sergt. J. Rogers, Windsor	35
Sister M. Pollock, Fredericton, (av. 2 wks)	31
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	33
Sister Work, Woodstock	32
Cadet Campbell, Kentville	30
Lieut. Field, Kentville	10
Lieut. L. Dunn, Sussex	30
Sergt. M. Holden, Windsor	30
Bro. D. Rogers, Pictou	25
Sister B. Ferguson, Halifax I.	21
Cand. Ginnivan, Halifax I.	21
Cadet Dunscombe, Fredericton	22
Capt. Lamont, Fredericton	20
Bro. Atcheson, St. John I.	20
Sergt. Ash, St. John I.	20
Sister M. Ash, St. John I.	10
Bro. McWilliams, Windsor	20
Murray Fox, St. Georges, Ber.	21
Capt. Thompson, Halifax I.	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

36 Hustlers.

Lieut. Burlog, Moose Jaw	51
Cadet Russell, Winnipeg	89
Lieut. Strong, Prince Albert	80
Ensign Hayes, Regina	77
Capt. Campbell, Valley City	70
Capt. Mitchell, Grand Forks	50
Cadet Wick, Winnipeg	49
Cadet Forshey, Rat Portage	48
Lieut. J. Buason, Lehigh, Id.	45
Cadet Curtis, Winnipeg	41
Cadet Hange, Winnipeg	40
Sister S. Chapman, Winnipeg	41
Ensign B. Hayes, Fargo	41
Cadet Adams, Rat Portage	37
Capt. Charlton, Fargo	35
Sister S. Craswell, Valley City	34
Adj. Macnamara, Jamestown	34
Cadet Habbkirk, Minnedosa	33
Cand. Underwood, Rat Portage	32
Treas. M. Hawes, Moosomin	31
Mrs. Bulard, Portage la Prairie	10
Sister McNabb, Portage la Prairie	30
Lieut. Hamond, Grand Forks	30
Cadet Bland, Rat Portage	29
Cand. McKae, Minnedosa	24
Adj. Thomas, Grand Forks	27
Sister M. Chapman, Winnipeg	26
Sister Johnston, Winnipeg	25
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	15
Sergt. Major Brandes, Fargo	25
Cand. Hoeffner, Valley City	24
Capt. B. LeDrew, Jamestown	24
Capt. Habbkirk, Portage la Prairie	23
Lieut. Kenmir, Portage la Prairie	22
Sister Coleman, Moosomin	21
Sister Penfold, Winnipeg	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

11 Hustlers.

Capt. Perrenoud, Kallispell	120
Cadet Floyd, Vancouver	110
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Victoria	105
Capt. Thorkildson, Nanaimo	75
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace	71
Ensign Babington, Vancouver	70
Sister E. Connor, Vancouver	40
Sister Lewis, Victoria	40
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	31
Sister Gerrow, Nanaimo	35
Capt. Hooke, Wallace	21

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

3 Hustlers.

Minnie Fisher, Bonaville	33
Capt. Harris, Trinity	2
Virtue Fisher, Bonaville	20

KLONDIKE.

1 Hustler.

LIEUT. AIKEN, Dawson City	200
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GASKIN'S POSITION SAVED.

Nigger Got a Wiggle on at the Last Moment.

It is only fair to state, that a list with ten names on was found in the wrong pigeon-hole (Harry Hustler's pocket) and as these ten names were given in time they should be added to this week's total of the C. O. P. This brings Gaskin second, and very close to Southall.

Sister Pearce, Temple	106
Sister Medlock, Temple	72
Lieut. Howcroft, Parry Sound	60
Bro. Dixon, Temple	50
Sister Currell, Temple	50
Bro. Bradley, Temple	33
Sister McQuaig, Temple	25

ONE OF MANY.

Life Sketch of Thomas Gillies, the Saved Drunkard.

By HIMSELF.

Having been requested to write a sketch of my life for the War Cry, I gladly agreed, thinking perhaps it might fall into the hands of some one in the same position as myself.

I was born in the South of Ireland, in the year 1854. My father belonged to the Church of England. Mother died when I was very young, in fact, I have no recollection of her whatever. Father kept a general store—groceries, hardware, and hotel combined. He was a great drunkard, would keep sober for a while, then break out and be drunk for a couple of weeks at a time, though he never abused me until he got married the second time. Many and many a night I had to sleep out when he was drunk, afraid of my life to come in; but that was not the worst, he made a drunkard out of me. I remember well when he would bring the bottle down every morning, and we would all have

Whiskey in our Tea.

He would pour it in the cups for us. At dinner time we had beer or porter, and generally had egg-nog before going to bed.

I remember well the first time I was drunk. I was only seven years of age, and yet I had a certain amount of drink every day. I would be half-drunk at school, always got into trouble, be put out of one school and then go to another. The appetite for strong drink growing worse and worse.

Father's mother, a very old woman, lived in a town four miles distant from

us. She was in the hotel business, and was always writing to father, urging him to sell out and go into partnership with her. This he agreed to, and they did a big business, but the town, which was a large one, was a terrible place for drinking and everything that was bad.

I was then 12 or 13 years of age. I kept going to school, but drink was my master and I could not control the appetite for it. I would go and help myself to brandy or whiskey, or whatever I took a fancy to, so that I would go to school drunk, and be sure to have a fight with one of the scholars, or the teacher, till finally, I was expelled.

I was then sent to a Methodist school, but had to leave on account of fighting and raising a disturbance.

Then I went to the Catholic school, but was just as bad there, fighting and quarrelling and

Striking the Teacher

with an ink bottle, for which I was expelled. I was not learning much, the drink had taken all my senses away, so after going to all the schools in the town, I was sent to a private school. I kept tripping all the time, though I remained at this school till I had a fair education.

My father had a married brother in the hotel business in the same county, but though he sold liquor he was a very different man from father, he could take a drink, but would not get drunk. His wife was just the opposite; she would get drunk every opportunity, and finally

Drink Caused Her Death.

They had no family, and when his wife was gone, there was no one to look after the business, as uncle had a pack of hounds to take out three times a week, and could not attend to his hotel properly.

One morning I got a letter from him, saying he wanted to see me. I arrived there and soon found out what he wanted. I was then about 16 years of

age. He asked me if I thought I could take charge of the store and hotel when he was away, "but," he said, "for God's sake don't take hold of the business if you do not intend to keep sober, and do what is right, because I do not want anyone else to kill themselves with drink in my house." He said, "If you keep sober and attend to business, I will leave the store and start you in business, provided you keep straight for two years. Can you do it?" he asked, and I replied, "I will try it."

I started, but it was not long before I began taking five or six glasses of brandy (my favorite drink) a day, and kept on till

I Could Take Twenty Glasses

without anyone noting a change in me. It was a long time before I was found out.

My uncle was winding up the clock one night, and after that said, "You might as well close up, there seems to be no more customers coming in." So I got all the doors locked but one, and that was a passage door between the hall and shop. He was waiting for me, but I could not lock it to save my life, though, if I'd been sober, I could have done it in a second. He came over to me and said, "What is the matter with the door to-night?" I said, "I don't know." He looked at himself in an instant, then looked at me and said, "Why, you're drunk," and gave me a shove over a lot of beer-barrels. He locked me in the store all night. It suited me O.K., for when I wanted a drink, I would get up and get one, so that in the morning I was just as drunk as when he locked me up. He said, "Pack up and get out of here." I said, "All right." It did not trouble me much, so I left that day and went home.

Father asked what was wrong. I said I had been taking a little too much drink. "Well," he said, "you cannot hang around me drinking and getting drunk. If you cannot keep sober with my brother you cannot with me." "You are the one," says I, "that

Made Me a Drunkard.

and now you do not want me around. Let me remain here a few weeks, till I procure a situation of some kind." So he consented. I put an advertisement in the paper for a situation in a store. About a week after I got an answer from a firm in the city of Dublin, with whom my father used to deal, offering me so much and my board.

I made up my mind that if I got the "bounce" there, I would join the British Army or Navy, so I got all ready to start when in walked my uncle.

"What are you going to do with Tom now?" he asked father, and overhearing my plans, said, "There's no use of him going to Dublin, or anywhere else, for he is too big a drunkard to stay."

"I'll risk it," I said, "and I'll bet I'll not come back."

"If I give you another chance," said my uncle, "will you try and reform. I'm getting old and I won't live much longer, but I am worth considerable, and have a good farm that I can fall back on, so if you have made up your mind to keep straight for a year from now, I will make the store over to you, and give you full possession, starting for yourself. Now you know how matters stand between us, so suit yourself whether you go or not."

I said, "I'll give it one more trial," and started for his place next morning, but was not there a month before I began tripping again. Things went on like this for eight months, selling drink from behind the bar from Monday morning till 11 p.m. Saturday. Open again after 2 p.m. Sunday and sell till 11 p.m.

He caught me drunk again, but forgave me. He tried to humor me every way, but I kept getting worse; stopped out all night, fighting, knocking around,

Getting Arrested

for being drunk, but always managed to pay my fines. At last he saw there was no use trying to do anything for me, so one day he said, "I am going to sell off my stock by auction and quit business," and he gave me £20 (\$100).

I packed up my traps and started for home once more, but in a short time I was drinking, staying out all night, travelling from one place to another, till my money was all gone.

(To be continued.)

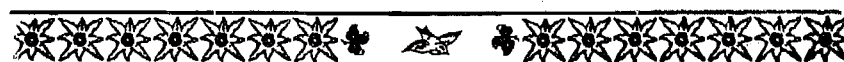
LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from Major Smeaton, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the

OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines.



WE ALWAYS TRY
TO PLEASE.

Winter is Coming on and we are Ready

SPLENDID VALUES IN
OVERCOATING

Entirely New Lines.

Guaranteed Fast Color.

	Without Cape.	With Cape.
Worsted, No. 563	\$20 00	\$26 00
" " 1891	19 00	25 00
" " 4777	18 00	23 50
" " 4621	17 00	22 00
" " 494	16 00	21 00
Frieze	14 00	19 00

WE ARE ALSO CARRYING A GOOD RELIABLE LINE OF
MEN'S AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR & HOSE
For Winter Use.

ENTIRELY NEW GOODS

FOR MEN

Shirt and Drawers, Natural Wool, per piece	\$0 50
" " Mottled, fleece lined, per piece	0 70
" " Alaska, " "	1 00
Half hose, per pair, at 20c, and	0 30

FOR LADIES.

Fleece lined Vests and Drawers, per pair	\$1 00
"Startler" Vests, each, 25c, and	0 50
Hygienic Drawers, per pair, 32c, and	0 40
Cashmere Hose, per pair, 30c, 40c, and	0 50

Ask your Provincial Officer to show you these goods and we are con-



Holiness.

Tunes.—Holly (B.J. 237, 2); It was on the cross (B.J. 17, 3); Why not to-night? (B.J. 131, 1).

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
All earthly gain I count but dross,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Send the Fire!

BY THE GENERAL.

Tunes.—Christ for me (B. B. 48); Will you go? (B.B. 13); We're travelling (B.B. 7); What's the news? (B.J. 12, 3).

2 Thou Christ, of burning, cleansing flame,
Send the Fire!
Thy Blood-bought gift to-day we claim—
Send the Fire!
Look down and see this waiting host,
Give us the promised Holy Ghost—
We want another Pentecost,
Send the Fire!

God of Elijah, hear our cry,
Send the Fire!
He'll make us fit to live or die—
Send the Fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin—
Send the Fire!

'Tis Fire we want, for Fire we plead,
Send the Fire!
The Fire will meet our every need—
Send the Fire!
For strength to ever do the right,
For grace to conquer in the fight,
For power to walk the world in white—
Send the Fire!

Not Alone.

Tune.—Not my own, but saved by Jesus.
BY STAFF-CAPT. J. C. LUDGATE.

3 Not alone, but close to Jesus,
I am walking day by day;
Basking in His smile and presence,
At His side I mean to stay.

Chorus.

Not alone, oh, no; not alone, oh, no;
Jesus daily walks with me,
All along life's pilgrim journey,
By my side He says He'll be.

Not alone, with Christ, my Saviour,
Though the storms of sorrow roll,
Gladly I can toil and suffer,
If His presence fills my soul.

Not alone, though all forsake me,
Friends and foes alike betray;
He will always keep beside me,
Even till my dying day.

Not alone, when through the valley
Of death's shadow I shall go;
His sweet presence will sustain me,
He will every power o'erthrow.

A Respectable Man's Experience.

Tune.—All coons look alike to me.

4 Talk about the pleasures of tobacco,
I think I know if anybody does;
I used to think it was my only com-
fort

And something I never would refuse.
'Tis a drug that serves to soothe a guilty conscience

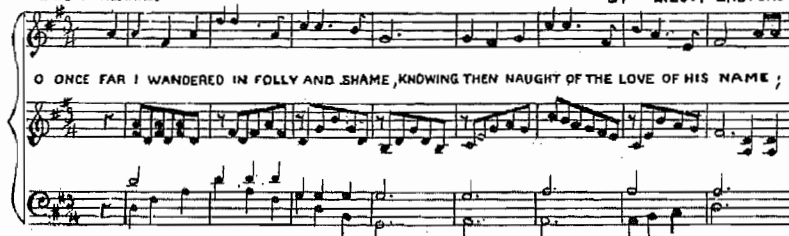
By slowing up the beating of the heart;
And the pipe has been my company when lonely;

So I thought that we would never part.
'Tis quite a boon when you're alone

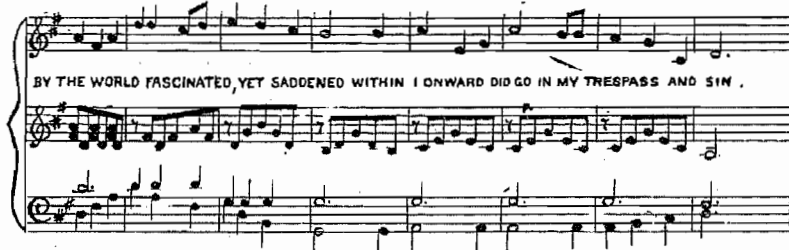
NOW I HAVE PARDON.

WORDS AND MUSIC
LIEUT. HEARNS.

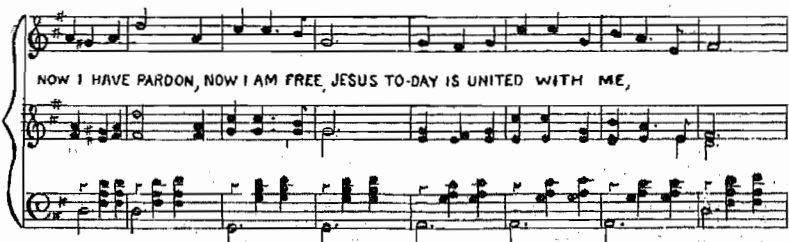
ACCOMPANIMENT ARRANGED
BY LIEUT. EASTON.



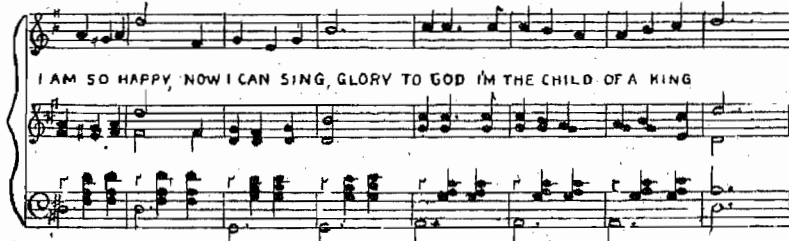
O ONCE FAR I WANDERED IN FOLLY AND SHAME, KNOWING THEN NAUGHT OF THE LOVE OF HIS NAME;



BY THE WORLD FASCINATED, YET SADDENED WITHIN I ONWARD DID GO IN MY TRESPASS AND SIN.



NOW I HAVE PARDON, NOW I AM FREE, JESUS TO-DAY IS UNITED WITH ME,



I AM SO HAPPY, NOW I CAN SING, GLORY TO GOD I'M THE CHILD OF A KING

Oh, once far I wandered in folly and shame,
Knowing then naught of the love of His name;
By the world fascinated, yet saddened within,
I onward did go in my trespass and sin.

Chorus.

Now I have pardon, now I am free,
Jesus to-day is united with me;
I am so happy, now I can sing,
"Glory to God! I'm the child of a King!"

God often called me, but I would not yield,
Onward I went, and my heart 'gainst Him steeled;
In love and in mercy He plead with my soul,
Saying, "Oh, guilty sinner, wilt thou be made whole?"

My pride and my passion for pleasure, were great,
I knew if I came I must all sin forsake;
But gently I heard that sweet, loving voice
Ever calling me forth to make Him my choice.

I yielded, thank God, with my heart full of grief,
And in penitance knelt, and sought sweet relief;
Since then I've enjoyed the rich blessings of God,
And to-day I rejoice in the sin-cleansing Blood.

Chorus.

Now Christ is my guiding star,
With conscience I am no more at war;
Sweet peace He has given to me,
And no narcotics are needed you see.
I've smoked my last cigar,
Thrown the tobacco away so far;
For I don't like it nohow—
Praise God! He has set me free.

Wished I never learned to use tobacco,
So stringently my boy I forbid,
'Til I hck you if I ever catch you smok-
ing!"

And the very next day I did.
He'd been at it for a year or two already,
Though the youngster always did it on
the sly,

And in spite of all 'twas done to keep
him from it,
He could smoke more cigarettes than I.

He got a hck, and that right quick;
But 'twas in vain, he smoked again
Till I gave up in despair.

Heard about the crab-smelling sidings

Reflected there was power in example,
Concluded I was myself to blame.
Told the youngster (though indeed
ashamed to own it)
I was wrong and needed to get nicely
saved.
And I'm glad because he too has gone
and done it,
For my boy is now quite well-behaved.
My heart is light, my soul is right,
Good appetite, can sleep all night,
Makes me feel good 'cause I am.

Adj. McIndoe.

Solo.

BY BRO. RITCHIE.

Tune.—The Bible my mother gave to me.
5 I've been thinking to-day of a time
that is past,

When I came to the Cross with my
sin;
Many changes, indeed, o'er my pathway
have crossed

Since I first to the fold entered in

They are gone now in different ways,
And even the old hall I hardly would
know,
In the place where I spent my convert
days.

Chorus.

Tenderly those memories of my convert
hours
Cling to my heart always,
And visions return to a spot to me dear,
'Tis the place where I spent my convert
days.

The Captain who wept when I knelt
there to pray,
I have not seen for many a year,
And the comrades who led me to Cal-
vary's way
Has moved from the town too, I hear.
Still my mind will return to that blest
happy spot
And my voice deep emotion betrays,
For though all my life's changes I never
have forgot
That place where I spent my convert
days.

Though I go to a land that I never have
seen,
Or sail on some far distant sea,
There's a place in my memory that ever
is green,
'Tis the best of earth's places to me.
'Twas there a poor sinner the Lord took
me in,
And pardoned my many delays,
There the light from the Cross scatters
darkness and sin,
In the place where I spent my convert
days.

Tune.—Rocked in the cradle of the deep
(B.J. 66).

6 For pardon at the Cross I fell,
Deserving nought from God but hell;
My ransom by the Blood I sought,
The pardon of my Saviour bought.

Chorus.

For Jesus shed His Blood for me,
That I might from my sin be free,
I know that I have proved its cleansing
power;
You may be saved this very hour.

The burden of my sins I felt,
My misery, and sin, and guilt,
Had forced me into deep despair;
When, lo! a voice said, "Child, why
dost thou fear?"

I then just took it as the gift
Of God's own love, my sin to lift;
The devil has now lost his power,
I am kept, saved by grace from hour to
hour.

World-Wide Salvation.

Tune.—Gospel bells.

7 God saves in many a nation,
Guilty sinners everywhere,
Through this Army of Salvation,
With the drum, we love so dear,
With our music and our singing
We will praise our Saviour's name,
And fight in this blest Army
Till Jesus comes again.

Chorus.

Army drum, Army drum,
Sound the joyful news to all;
On the square, in the slum,
Sinners to the Saviour call.

There are numbers praising Jesus,
Who just heard the Army drum,
Poor lost and wretched sinners,
Fast sinking down in sin.
But now they're saved and marching
In our Army ranks to-day,
And bravely in God's service
They fight, and watch, and pray.
Trumpeter Howell.

"Unless you can bring the scent of
the hay fields across the footlights, it
is no use putting a drama on the
stage," was a professional saying in
my theatrical days. Unless we can
bring the influence of Christ and Cal-
vary into our life and work, it is no use
attempting to work for God and the
people.—Commissioner Nicol.

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